The Bystander, June 29, 1921. No. 917. Vol. LXX.

The BYSTANDER

BY FRED BUCHANAN

A "CAUDAL" LECTURE

THE KANGAROO: "You're all right 'in the main,' old chap, but I think your 'tail' needs brushing up a bit with this!"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). 2.30 and 7.45.
GEORGE ROBEY, MAUD ALLAN, ARTHUR PRINCE & "JIM," HARU ONUKI, LINGA SINGH, THE JOVERS, Etc.

COMEDY. (Ger. 3724). NORMAN McKINNEL
in "A FAMILY MAN"
A Comedy by John Galsworthy
NIGHTLY at 8.30. MATS. THURSDAY & FRIDAY at 2.30.

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JOSE COLLINS and Full Cast.
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Extra Mats., Saturday, July 30 and August Bank Holiday, at 2.15.

GAIETY. (Ger. 2780). ALBERT DE COURVILLE'S
Gaiety Version of
PINS & NEEDLES
Nightly at 8. Matinées, Wednesday & Saturday at 2.15.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Manager, MARIE LÖHR
Nightly at 8.15. Matinées, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.
VIOLET VANBRUGH
in "THE KNAVE OF DIAMONDS."

STRAND. (Ger. 3830). ARTHUR BOURCHIER
in "A SAFETY MATCH." By IAN HAY
EVERY EVENING at 8.
MATINÉES, WED. and THURS. at 2.30

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THE GRAPHIC

THE ROYAL VISIT TO BELFAST.

In this week's issue.

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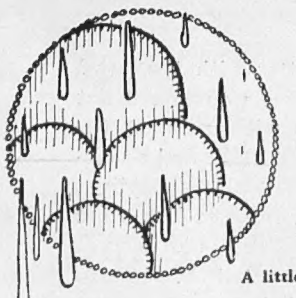


A little drop of rain—

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Sketches by Victor Hicks

—Wouldn't do us any harm

Royal Courage

The Royal family's disdain for physical danger is too well known to need mention or comment. One recalls the famous visit of King Edward to Paris which was the beginning of the friendship between our two countries which later bore such magnificent fruit. Then there was Queen Victoria's visit to Dublin. Both these visits were made at times which made people anxious for the safety of the Prince and the Queen, and both were splendid successes. And now we have had the visit of the King and Queen to Belfast. The extraordinary fervour of the farewell given to them on leaving London was undoubtedly an expression both of the people's affection and of their anxiety and admiration. The visit itself was a huge success, may its results be as great and as good as those of his Majesty's father's visit to Paris.

A Dangerous Task

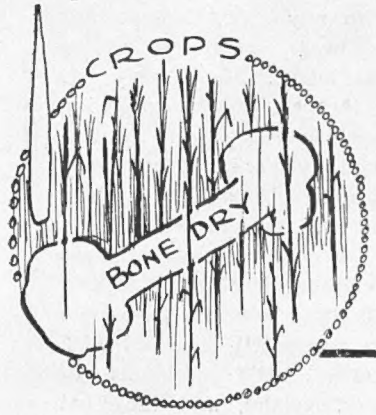
It would be foolish to deny that there was anxiety, and good cause for it, over this visit of the King and Queen to Belfast. I do not know how far the constitutional rights of our Monarchs and Ministers respectively extend in such a matter, but I am sure that nothing less than a very well-defined right under the constitution would have availed his Ministers had they wished to persuade the King to abandon the visit. Talking of this, an American correspondent said to me the day before the visit, "It's all mighty fine for your Cabinet to send the King there just now. It reminds me of a New York editor who sent a reporter to ask a prize-fighter some rather awkward questions. Later on the reporter 'phoned that he had seen Battling Bill, who had blackened both his eyes, broken his nose and thrown him downstairs, promising to kill him if he came back. 'Go back at once,' said the Editor, 'I'll show him that I am not to be intimidated like this!'"

London and Paris—A Contrast

I came across another old American friend last week, who had come to London via Paris for the Polo matches. An old Cambridge man, he knows England and London well, so I asked him how things struck him just now. He laughed at the idea that many Americans had, of London being in a state almost like that of a besieged city. "But still," he added, "the gloom of the place after Paris was so depressing the first two days that I almost felt like going back at once, as so many have done. But I seem to have got more used to it now." Nevertheless he and his wife were returning to Paris by the night boat after seeing the decisive Polo game.

Our Perfect Manners!

As we talked, in one of London's chief hotels, he asked a waiter for some brandy with a second cup of coffee. It was too late—it had gone 2.30 p.m.! The talk then turned, naturally, to the old topic, and



By Fred Buchanan

THE "PROUD PARENT"—AND HIS "RISING SONS"

my friend's wife said, "It's just the same here as at home, people can't talk for ten minutes without getting on to Prohibition." She had one compliment for London. She had found everybody in London, in shops, hotels and everywhere, delightfully polite after Paris, where, she declares, politeness no longer exists. The manners of the London taxi-cab drivers had particularly pleased her. Those of the Paris drivers she had found abominable. I did not tell her that not so very long ago our own men were far from being Chesterfields.

Legs! Legs! Legs!

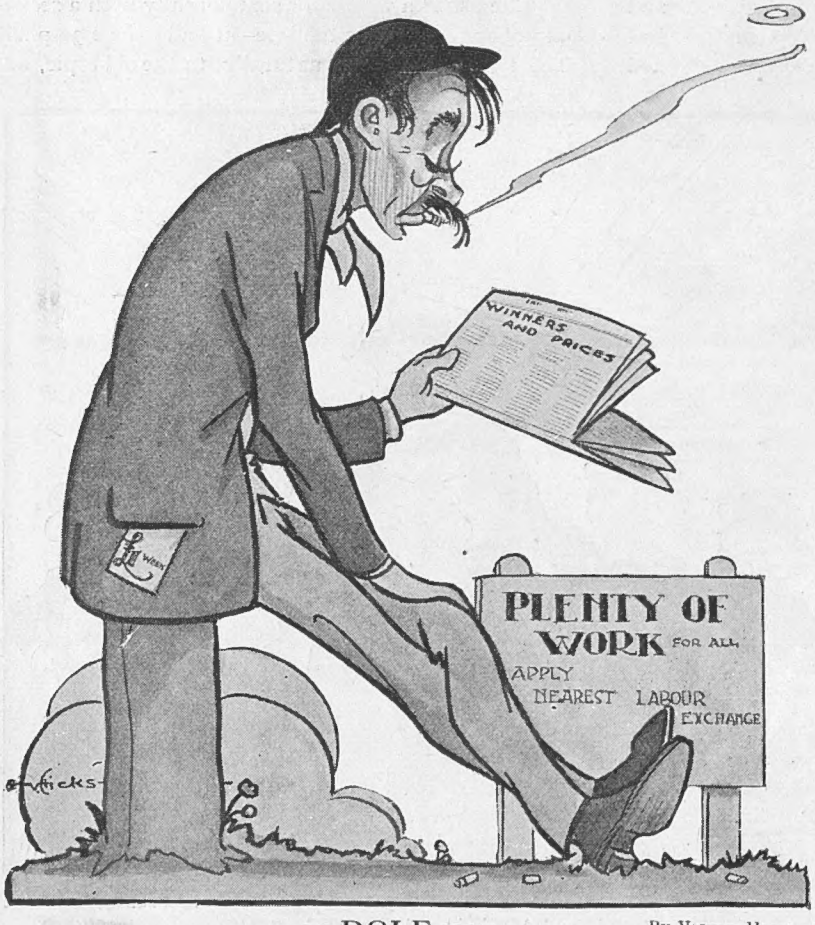
I SUPPOSE that so long as men and women dress the clothes of the day will be anathema to the people of yesterday, who, in their turn, will be laughed at by the moderns. We have been treated to a great deal of this sort of thing recently. Bishops and Deans, and other pundits of both sexes, have fulminated against the feminine fashions of 1921 with an ardour which I cannot help thinking might have been employed in a better cause. One might think, listening to these dear people, that a silk stocking was a deadly sin, and that portion of the human frame on which it is worn something shameful, to be hidden as a horrible deformity. An American reformer asks that in every town and village there shall be sacrificial bonfires, to which all the silk stockings shall be consigned by stern guardians of our morals. A lady, writing in a London morning paper, sobs, "*Everywhere you go there are legs, legs, legs staring you in the face.*" The italics are hers—they evidently express extreme horror!

Are We Immodest?

WELL, well—what's the matter with the legs? We always knew really that women did not stop suddenly at the neck to begin again at the ankles. What is it that these good folk find so disconcerting in a silk-covered shin? Does daylight make immodest a patch of chest, three or four times the area of which would be considered quite modest by electric light? It is complained that the daylight patch gets red or brown. But if the owners do not mind, surely the rest of us can get used to that. In time even we might come to prefer a piebald style of beauty. But where these opponents of modern dress are most unjust is in this—because they do not like the dress they impugn the morals of the wearers. I am glad to see that Lady Cooper, the wife of the ex-Lord Mayor of London, declares that "The modern girl is not so bad as she is painted." Splendid! This means that she is very good. For practically all of them are painted beautifully!

The Poker Puzzle

I FIND a lot of club men still puzzled as to what the Commissioner of Police really means about the game of poker in clubs. Many clubs forbid poker, probably because when the game was first heard of over here it was regarded as a vulgar, Wild West form of gambling, usually indulged in with "guns" and bowie knives on the table. I learned the noble game in America, and it makes me smile to hear people talk of it as a game of pure chance. A good poker-player will win oftener and with greater regularity than will a good auction bridge player, even granting that the latter shall always have a partner as good as himself. Unless my memory betrays me, I believe that the question of poker being a sheer gamble or not was threshed out in the American Law Courts a good many years ago, and was decided in favour of the game.



IN-DOLE-NCE By VICTOR HICKS

Sweepstakes

MR. BOTTOMLEY, one reads, has decided to "let them off" this time, so the minor winners of the Stock Exchange Derby Sweep will get their winnings after all. They will not be frittered away in litigation, as it was feared might be necessary. Is there any hope, though, that before next year's flat-racing season begins there may be some revision of the gambling laws, which at present contradict one another in almost every paragraph? It couldn't be done at once, of course; one realises that. It will take the House of Commons, hard-working and able body of men as it is, some weeks adequately to deal with the other little problems of the day, Ireland, and the Coal

By E. T. Reed

WHY NOT *MALE* ROSE MERCHANTS FOR ROSE DAY?

A suggestion for "Alexandra Day," 1922. We are confident that brisker sales than ever would result from the employment of commercial charmers of the other sex

Strike, and Turkey, and Dr. Addison's screw. But after that—couldn't we have just one committee—just the "littlest" committee—told off to consider the question and report? It would, at any rate, liven up public interest in politics a bit, which is at present about as dead as trade in toboggans—and, if we are to believe all we hear, other more seasonable commodities, too!

An Insurance Gamble

Reference was made some time ago in these columns to this matter—but there's nothing like pegging away at a thing till you get it done. And I am further reminded of it because a friend of mine has just been insuring himself against rain on his holidays—"buying a little sunshine" is how he put it. A very sound scheme, too. But what is the moral difference between insuring against rain during a certain period and backing your fancy in a race? If there is any, the quantity is not so large as particularly to draw one's attention to the same, so to speak. What it comes to is just this—that the insurance people lay you five to one, or whatever it is, that there won't be so much rain in a certain place on a certain day—and there you are. And yet if you were seen in a back street somewhere slipping that policy into somebody's hand with a flicker of an eyelid—well, you'd become a "suspected person" right away!

Photograph] THE OPENING OF ULSTER'S PARLIAMENT *[Central News*

The King, with the Queen at his side, reading the inaugural address in the Council Chamber of Belfast City Hall. Sir Hamar Greenwood (Chief Secretary for Ireland) and Mr. Shortt (the Home Secretary) accompanied the Royal party

Photograph *G. P. U.*

THE GUARD OF HONOUR

The King inspecting the Guard of Honour outside the City Hall at Belfast. Fortunately, there was not the slightest need for the many troops stationed over there

The Royal Visit to Ireland

I HEAR there was a tremendous fluttering amongst the Government and Court dicky-birds when the King announced his intention of opening the Ulster Parliament in person. Ministers and officials ran about like rabbits, darting in one another's burrows; there were clamours and fears, and finally most respectful and courtly dissuasion.

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The most skilful questioning cannot lure the terms of the Royal answer—but no secret is made that it was emphatic.

When the Queen announced her intention of accompanying the King to Belfast some of the older Court folk threw up their hands and declared that all the world was going awry!

Opinion was sharply divided over this Irish visit. Everybody admired the pluck of it, and what people felt was shown at the Horse Show when the King and Queen appeared there the day before they left. I've never heard such cheering from the *heart* since Armistice Day. The feeling it expressed is one of those "inevitable forces" before which Mr. Hodges has admitted the coal-strikers must "bend and bow"—British loyalty, respect for law and order, and also, at this time, admiration of a high and unflinching courage.

But there were heaps of people who wagged their heads and said the visit was beyond all measure dangerous and Parliament ought not to permit it. It has been proved over and over again that the King and Queen have the instinct for doing the right thing, and in Ireland some recognition from the Crown was urgently necessary.

Photograph *Central News*

AFTER THE INAUGURAL CEREMONY

Many very prominent celebrities were in Belfast last week. From left to right: Lady Greenwood, Sir Hamar Greenwood, the Irish Secretary, Lady Carson and Sir James Craig, Ulster's Prime Minister

A Little Bit of Unknown History

THE Irish Channel has made all the difference to the history of Ireland. A Royal residence in Ireland years ago might have saved some ugly pages of recent disorder. Such a residence was suggested for the Duke of Connaught because of his Irish title, but Queen Victoria set her face sternly against it.

Photograph *Photo Press*

KING ALFONSO

Who is in England now for the season with his son Don Jaime, the Duke and Duchess of Alba and the Marquis of Viana. He has been playing polo with the Prince at Hurlingham, and was a keen spectator of the tennis at Wimbledon this week

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

THE PRINCE AT HURLINGHAM

Last Wednesday was an unhappy day for our polo supremacy. Arriving at the commencement of the match can be seen from the left: The Duke of Connaught, the Prince of Wales, King Alfonso, Earl Haig and Princess Mary. Behind the Duke of Connaught can be seen Colonel Harvey, the American Ambassador

ENGLAND SCORES!

Lord Wodehouse scoring for England in the International at Hurlingham, when America defeated us by 10 goals to 6. This score, however, is rather misleading as to the nature of the play: we were all over the Americans in every chukker except the first and last. In the first the game was lost

Photograph *Sport and General*

AT THE POLO TEST

The Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice walking in the grounds at Hurlingham before the game

Until her reign the English sovereigns had never moved far from London. If Queen Victoria had shown a little of the partiality to the Emerald Isle that she showered upon Scotland things might have been different. But her Stuart ancestry attracted her to Scotland: Ireland had no such claim upon her sentiment.

That wise and most astute of our modern Prime Ministers, Lord Beaconsfield, was strongly conscious of the help Royal recognition of Ireland would be in the relations between the two countries. He made his plans, but with the tact that never failed him waited until the opportunity came when he could broach the matter socially rather than officially.

His opportunity came at a dinner at the Baroness Burdett-Coutts's, when he was placed next to the Duchess of Teck—the Queen's mother, and the most popular Royalty of her time. Talk turned upon Ireland—then, as always, distressful."

"If you, Ma'am, were Vicereine of Ireland I am sure all these troubles would cease," Disraeli said, bowing low to the Duchess. "I have even thought of suggesting such a solution of our difficulties to the Queen."

The Duchess was deeply distressed. "I beg of you, Mr. Disraeli, not to say a word about it. It is impossible! Impossible!"

Later in the evening the Duchess and Disraeli were seen in close and earnest talk, and whatever the reasons put forward they were so definite that Disraeli never made his cherished suggestion

Photograph] PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT IN BASUTOLAND *[Topical Press*

As High Commissioner of Basutoland H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught recently visited Naseru, where a *pitso*, or native gathering, was held, after which he received several addresses of loyalty from the native chiefs. Prince and Princess Arthur can be seen with the Commissioner, Lt.-Col. Garraway, C.M.G.

The whirligig of time! The daughter of the Princess who refused to be Vicereine now goes to Ireland as its Queen!

The Ponies and the Polo Cup

It was rather a case of hoping against hope that our team would win the International polo match at Hurlingham last Wednesday. Mr. Sandeford's ponies outmatched ours on every point. As somebody said, they can turn on a three-penny bit. One of them, "Foxy," is as good as a fifth player. It is a remarkable animal. If a ball passes wide it pulls up sharply in its own length and swerves towards the ball so that its rider can take it. "Foxy" seems to know as much about polo as the most expert player.

The American play on both days was remarkably fine; so clean, deft and combined. But, still, the ponies really settled the question, and as one old gentleman, who took our loss rather grievously to heart, said:

"What can you expect when we sell all our best brood mares to America?"

The retort to that is income-tax and strikes.

Charity and its Dances

Lady Curzon of Kedleston's ball at Lansdowne House for Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses had no suggestion of a charity ball—except that one knew everybody had paid their guineas to be there. The Prince of Wales and other Royalties, tiaras, decorations, the *fine fleur* of London—and Lansdowne House—gave it all the atmosphere of the old days.

It is odd, all the same, that you have to pay now in order to dance in the big London houses, and that more often than not they are lent—as was the case at Lansdowne House—by tenants.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

QUEEN ALEXANDRA

With Princess Victoria leaving Marlborough House for her annual drive through London on Rose Day last week

Photograph *F. A. Swaine*

MADAME MATON

A new portrait of Madame Maton, wife of Col. R. Maton, C.B., of the Belgian Embassy. Col. Maton before the War was the Duke of Brabant's tutor

MRS. ST. JOHN MARTIN

Who is lending her house "Heath Brow," formerly the home of Hall Caine, for a Garden Fête in aid of Viscountess Barrington's Homes for Disabled Ex-Service Men, on Saturday next, July 2nd. Members of the Everyman Repertory Company will present a new play in the grounds of "Heath Brow"

Photo Harris Picture Agency

MISS EMILY BROOKE

Whose marriage at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to Mr. Atty Persse, the well-known race-horse trainer, took place recently. Miss Brooke made a great success of the heroine in "Bull-Dog Drummond," the play with a "punch" in it at Wyndham's. She is a daughter of Sir George Brooke

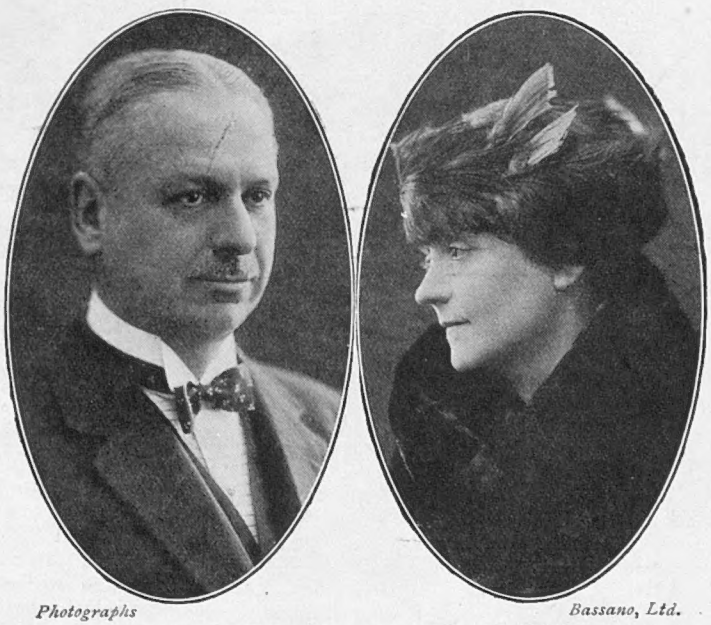
Many of our modern young men must wish they had had their heyday twenty years ago. It must come pretty hard on slender pockets to have to pay for most of your dances instead of being able to choose between five or six invitations for one night, and then run about from one ball to another, as the *jeunesse*—even those without the *dorée*—used to do.

I am told, however, that the multiplication of charity dances is producing a shortage of men, and that, to counteract this, women of means when "making up a party" enclose a ticket with their invitation. Thus they lure the dancing men, and in the long run, they say, it works out more cheaply than giving dances themselves. So things always adjust themselves.

M. Brieux and the Frenchwoman

My personal impression after M. Brieux's brilliant defence of the Frenchwoman at the Institut Français was that the Englishwomen, who composed at least 90 per cent. of his audience, were rather disappointed. M. Brieux contended that the Frenchwoman, as known to English people through French novels and plays, is not a type, but a figure of fiction; that the eternal triangle of Monsieur, Madame et l'Amant had become a convention. The author of *La Française*, *Susette*, and *Les Avaries* said what everybody who knows anything of French life outside the Boulevards of Paris is already aware of.

Taken nation for nation the average Frenchwoman is as good and as honest as the average English woman. French writers have been her greatest enemy. But, as I have said, I think the ladies were rather disappointed.



Photographs Bassano, Ltd.

THE MARQUIS AND MARQUISE OF VIANA

Now in London, with other members of the Spanish Court. The Marquis is Master of the Horse to King Alfonso and a polo player of distinction. He has played frequently at Hurlingham and Ranelagh

They had hoped to hear M. Brieux say that she wasn't.

Mediævalism in Ireland

THE kidnapping of Lord Bandon and the burning of Castle Bernard by the Sinn Feiners is one of the cruellest things those demented folk have done. The only reason that can be thought of for the outrage is that Lord Bandon is a representative Irish peer, and so sits in the House of Lords.

We hear of such cases as this, but there are many others of which no word gets into the papers. Here is an instance.

One day, an Irish landlord was given notice that unless he left Ireland in forty-eight hours he would be shot. He was advised by the authorities to take the warning, and came over to England.

His wife packed up their silver and valuables and was preparing to follow, when she received a notice that if she went she would be allowed to take nothing with her and the house would be burnt to the ground : if she stayed with her children nothing would be touched.

She stayed. The Sinn Feiners have kept their word. She is in no way troubled, but her husband is an exile—and for what reason nobody knows. But all these things are not of the twentieth century ; they belong to the Middle Ages, except that in those days the attacked had the means of defending themselves.

Photograph **HOW THE PRINCE SPENT HIS BIRTHDAY** *[Central News*

The Prince of Wales and Princess Mary spent last Wednesday, the Prince's birthday, with Canning Town children in Epping Forest. He is seen endeavouring to get the best of a few cocoanuts

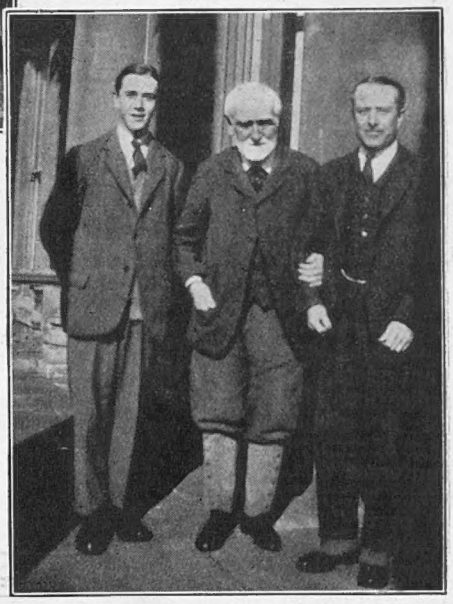
The Hon. Peggy and Her "Job"

"I AM angry with Peggy," said Dame No. 1. "I took no end of trouble in getting her a good job, and she's gone off for a month to France with the rich American woman her cousin married. So, of course, she's lost the job."

"How stupid," remarked Dame No. 2, "and in their position ! But, then, Peggy has always thought of pleasure first."

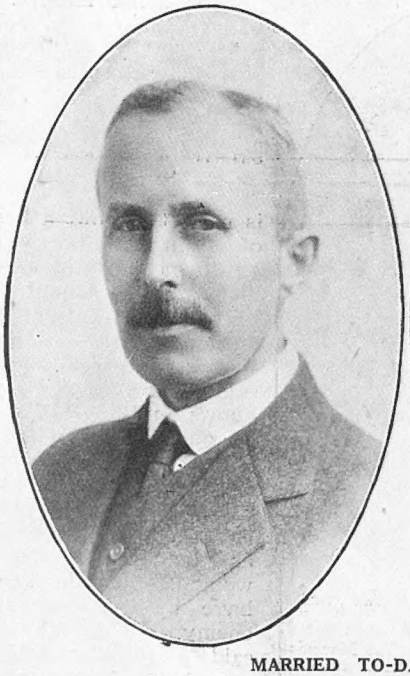
"She will *have* to give up thinking of amusing herself," snapped the other. "She's got scarcely enough to buy her clothes, and if she doesn't work she'll have to go to the workhouse or a home for decayed gentlewomen."

And "Peggy," if you please, is own sister to a baron of the realm ! The quiet acceptance by her relations that "Peggy" must work for her living and not go gadding abroad or about a-pleasuring is enough to make "Peggy's" grandmother roll over and over in her grave.



THREE GENERATIONS

Above are three generations of the well-known Wiltshire family of Fuller, all of whom have played in the Winchester College XI against Eton. Mr. G. P. Fuller, of Neston Park, played in 1849-50 and 51, Mr. H. F. Fuller, his son, in 1888, and E. H. F. Fuller, his grandson, played last week in the eighty-eighth match between these two great schools



MARRIED TO-DAY IN CANADA

Major-General H. M. Elliot, C.B., C.M.G., late R.A., and the eldest son of General and Mrs. H. R. Elliot, of Cheltenham, whose marriage to Miss Grace Kennaway Cawthra, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, of Yeadon Hall, Toronto, Canada, takes place in Toronto to-day, the 29th of June

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *June 27*

DEAR COUSIN—

ARE we utterly defeated, decadent, dead? Are we, as a nation, entirely laid on the shelf, scrapped, napoo'd, and done in? 'Cos so, apparently, we're being told in all directions—and not on the face of it altogether without reason either.

LONG articles and letters daily on "What is wrong with our cricket?" and pessimistic laments about our lack of bowlers and batsmen, not to mention tactics and the "will to win." Can't think really how we dare to hold our heads up ever again after the frightful humiliations we seem to have suffered at the hands of our cousins from Australia.

AND then there's polo. Just think—or don't if you can help it—of the positively awful way the U.S. people have shown they can down and out us on their day! Likewise consider lawn tennis, where Japs and Indians, to say nought of Frenchmen and Spaniards, and the rest, are right in the running to wrest from us our great championship titles—which, by the way, happen to be held for the moment by an American man and a French girl! And if you want yet another instance, take the jumping at that most fascinating of resorts, the Horse Show.

WHERE last week everything was just as bright and brilliant as ever, with masses of even more dazzling flowers than usual—geraniums and roses and marguerites and great tubs of hydrangeas in the arena that made a course for the coaches and pairs and things, but were solemnly and ceremoniously removed before the jumping began. Something delightfully leisurely and pre-War, you know, about the way things are done at Olympia, as the great doors at the end swing open and lorries with the smartest of uniformed outriders come in to re-arrange the course, and the band plays soft music, and the judges, glossy-hatted, white-waistcoated, button-holed and gold-caned, stand about the ring in real Olympian grandeur and detachment, as if there were no such thing in the world as work or worry or strikes.

AND oh, the rich and rare expensiveness of it all! Somehow makes you feel so thoroughly removed for once from the mere sordid cares of life, to sit in your box like an ancient Roman at his circus, with millions of pounds' worth of horseflesh and pearls around, and a general atmosphere of such things as time or money not mattering one little bit. And to finish off the picture there's the gallery, too, with its raucous applause and its jeers for the riders who fail at their jumps, just as, I suppose, the crowd of old Rome would mock the hapless gladiator who missed his stroke.

"Long letters and articles daily—'What is wrong with our cricket?'"

ABOUT that jumping, by the way—there, for a change, we did come out on top. But after all, even if we do lose now and then, not sure we need take it all quite so much to heart. Confess I feel bitterly disappointed and shaken to the core myself when we do go under. But, p'raps, it's just because we play our games more as games and less as a business than the rest; that we've been getting beaten on our own ground at our own games by the people who've copied them from us and specialised at them with set teeth and furrowed brows, while we've just gone on—playing. And, after all, a game *is* meant to be *played*, isn't it?

"THERE'S no more lamentable pursuit than a life of pleasure," some one says in that brilliant Somerset Maugham play, *The Circle*, at the Haymarket, and the people who work too hard at their games are mostly rather a deadly dreary crowd, aren't they? So perhaps that's some consolation—anyway it's about the only one we've got.

TALKING of plays, that slump does really seem to have set in, and no mistake, here in London now, what with a dozen or so theatres closed and

"Specially favoured spot like the Riviera Club"

labour troubles still going strong instead of being smoothed over, as everybody had hoped. Some of the shows, I hear, have been taking twenty pounds a night or less—while the sun shone, anyway. Still a few carrying on, though, all the same, and among them, I don't mind betting, will be for some time to come the new farce at the Duke of York's, *The Wrong Number*, which made us all smile (and farces don't always), even in the middle of a heat wave.

卐 卐

ALMOST too hot even to dance, wasn't it—for a time? Except, perhaps, at some very specially favoured spot like the Riviera, that lovely river-side place right on the very brink of the Thames, round Victoria way. Where the very delightful dance-room looks straight on to the river and you can waltz with the French windows all thrown open, to the light of nothing but the moon shining softly on to the rippling water. Or sit out in a secluded nook of the terrace and watch the barges come swishing by, and—oh! all sorts of other nice things, if you've got the right partner, what?

"Why *will* people worry while the summer days are here"

卐 卐

WHY *do* some of us make ourselves so hot and cross and tired, I sometimes wonder, these summer days and nights? Rushing about in droves and herds, I mean, to do things all in a hurry that might just as well be done to-morrow, or not at all, and never even lifting their eyes to look at the sky or the trees. Must say I *rather* love the way they have in Rome of shutting up all the shops on the spur of the moment if it's a really hot day and stopping all business while they wander out to the Pincio or somewhere where you can properly live and breathe. Thoroughly immoral, though, I suppose, and the world's work would never get done that way, would it? After all—

Let neither Faun nor Saint reprove
Others for different ways of love,
Life and delight. There's room for wings
And feet—for wine and water-springs;
For things that walk and things that dance,
For Iceland and the South of France,
For lake and village-pump and sea,
For You—but also room for Me. . . .

as Lady Margaret Sackville sings in that rather fascinating "Sermon" of hers.

"While they wander out to the Pincio"

卐 卐

ROOM for all, in this very mixed world of ours:

As long as daisies don't complain
The whole world's not a daisy-chain,
Or flaunting tropic birds condemn
To ridicule the sober hen. . .

Only I do think it's generally the daisies and hens that are the sniffier of the two about it all somehow, don't you?

卐 卐

HENLEY this week, by the way, so unless we're going to break all records this record-breaking year, sure to be *some* use, anyway, for our umbrellas and raincoats, isn't there? seeing that no Henley within living memory has yet passed by into the *Ewigkeit* without at least one day when it's been a perfect misery and martyrdom to sit it all out in the rain-soaked punt, with drips dropping steadily in from every part of the drenching trees that we'd vainly put our trust in as a shield and shelter from whatever might befall.

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MEANTIME there mayn't, of course, *be* any Henley or anything else soon if all the pessimist prophets foretell comes true, what with strikes and crises at home, and over in Ireland chaos worse than ever. "There is no mistaking the danger of the situation here," writes one M.P. who knows, "and everything points to a much worse state of things unless a settlement is reached promptly." While in the Commons, too, they're talking about upheavals and *émeutes* and a general election in a few months. . . . Why *will* people worry so about things while the summer days, and nights, are here?

With love, yours ever, BLANCHETTE

BY H. H. HARRIS

A REAL PEARL

ONLY ME LOOKING

BY G. E. STUDDY

TALES of the PEACETIME R.A.F

No. 4

Mrs Uriah

By James Henry

Illustrated by Oswald Cuningham

LITTLE Mrs. Paisley is as wholesome as a May morning. From the crown of her pretty head to the soles of her dainty feet she is all good and all sunshine. Even the Three Great Cats can find nothing to say against her.

Every night at her bedside, Mrs. Paisley, after thanking heaven exceedingly for giving her such a nice husband, and for making the world in general such a delightful place, explains once more to the Hearer of Prayers that Cherry-Kane wasn't nearly as black as he was painted, and that in any case it might have been her beloved Robin, and, well . . . . may things, please, be made as nice for him as possible ?

As Cherry-Kane—save, perhaps, for the manner of his departure—was a first-class blackguard, this shows you the manner of Lorna Paisley's soul.

The rest of the world said "good riddance," or murmured prosily, "*De Mortuis*———" and embellished the blacker stories of his life with dabs of imaginative scarlet.

For Cherry-Kane was possessed of a devil.

He might have been a brilliant leader, but preferred to drive. His squadron hated him—as all men and few women did—for his icy temper and whip-lash tongue. Their hatred and fear swallowed altogether the admiration that his gifts entitled him to.

He was vitally efficient—far too efficient to be scrapped by the higher command simply because he was unpopular. He flew brilliantly, was fearless, even fool-hardy, beyond belief.

His squadron—barring its unhappiness—was a picture of good organisation and smartness. It did three times the work of most of the others. It was always *en état de partir*. He was good at all games, and his play gained the polo cup for his squadron even after he had damned his team into such a state of nervousness that to all intents and purposes he stood alone for his side.

And there were women, many women . . . but those stories are best left untold.

When Paisley brought his new wife out at the end of home leave, Cherry-Kane's particular devil pointed out to him at once that Mrs. Paisley was fair beyond ordinary. Perhaps the obvious goodness of her level brows and clear eyes intrigued him. Whatever the cause, Cherry-Kane opened a campaign there and then which ended only with his life. He entertained the Paisleys as never before had he entertained even senior people. He lent them ponies, took them to dances in his car, dined them in Cairo. And always he made an opportunity—perhaps only a minute or two—to be alone with Lorna. He never transgressed, his manner was correct to perfection, but — the devil gave him a clever tongue.

Fortunately, it all passed over her head, or under her feet. She honestly thought him very nice, and admired him immensely. Also she mothered him . . . and the devil laughing, whipped Cherry-Kane to further efforts.

A husband who was no fool, yet had no desire to bring upon himself the wrath of Cherry-Kane, and the unbearable laughter that greets unnecessary uxoriousness, remained a passive spectator.

He feared Cherry-Kane, but he knew his wife better than Kane did. Which made all the difference.

And the months passed with the citadel still calmly unconscious that it was being attacked. Cherry-Kane strove by every subtlety the devil taught him to pierce that armour-plate

"I'll court-martial you for this, you whelp!"

TALES OF THE PEACE-TIME R.A.F. (*concluded*)

of innocence until, volcanic with unfulfilled desire and rage, he fled from the scene and took a month's leave up country. There were tales afterwards. . . . Then he returned and told little Mrs. Paisley bluntly that he wanted her, and that he always took what he wanted.

She looked at him wonderingly. "Don't be silly, C.K.," she said. "I shan't like you a bit if you say horrid things. And you used to be so nice."

Cherry-Kane glowered at her.

"I'll get you," he said, and left the room.

He threw himself into his work with a tireless energy that carried the squadron beyond even the relief of perspiration or profanity. Nothing satisfied him. Drills carried on long after the sun had become unbearable. Squadron flying taking place in the foulest weather, and with Kane in the observer's seat of the leading machine. Heaven pity the pilot who lost his place or misunderstood signals.

Then one day he dropped on Paisley for bad flying. And Paisley, who was far and away the most experienced pilot in the whole squadron, had to take in silence blame that he knew to be grossly unjust. Excuses would only have increased the storm.

"You'll oblige me, Mr. Paisley," ended up the Squadron Leader, "by taking up your machine at six to-morrow morning, and carrying out a series of exercises of which I shall give you details before you leave the ground. I shall watch you from the aerodrome, and if I do not consider your performance a sufficient advance on to-day's lamentable exhibition, I shall recommend the suspension of your wings for three months."

And Paisley, deadly white, with clenched teeth holding down a flood of insubordination, saluted, and walked blindly away. . . .

Well before time in the morning Paisley's "Bristol" was out on the aerodrome, its engine insulting the morning with the preliminary noise and smoke of a warm-through. A flight sergeant sat in the pilot's seat, while a rigger strapped in ballast behind.

As Cherry-Kane approached from his quarters, Paisley cast a cigarette from him, and walked briskly forward. The Squadron-Leader acknowledged his salute.

"Here are your orders," he said, and handed him a card.

Paisley's hands remained at his side.

"I shall not take the machine up, Sir," he said.

"What!" Cherry-Kane's ejaculation was menace unadorned, "Get into your machine at once, Mr. Paisley, and carry out your orders."

Paisley did not flinch.

"I won't," he said, bluntly.

His commanding-officer took a step forward. "My God, I'll court-martial you for this, you whelp," he snapped. "What on earth are you thinking of?"

"I'm not thinking, Sir, I *know*."

The words were spoken almost in a whisper, but Paisley's voice was level.

"Know?"

"I saw you in the shed last night, Sir. Also I've examined the machine this morning."

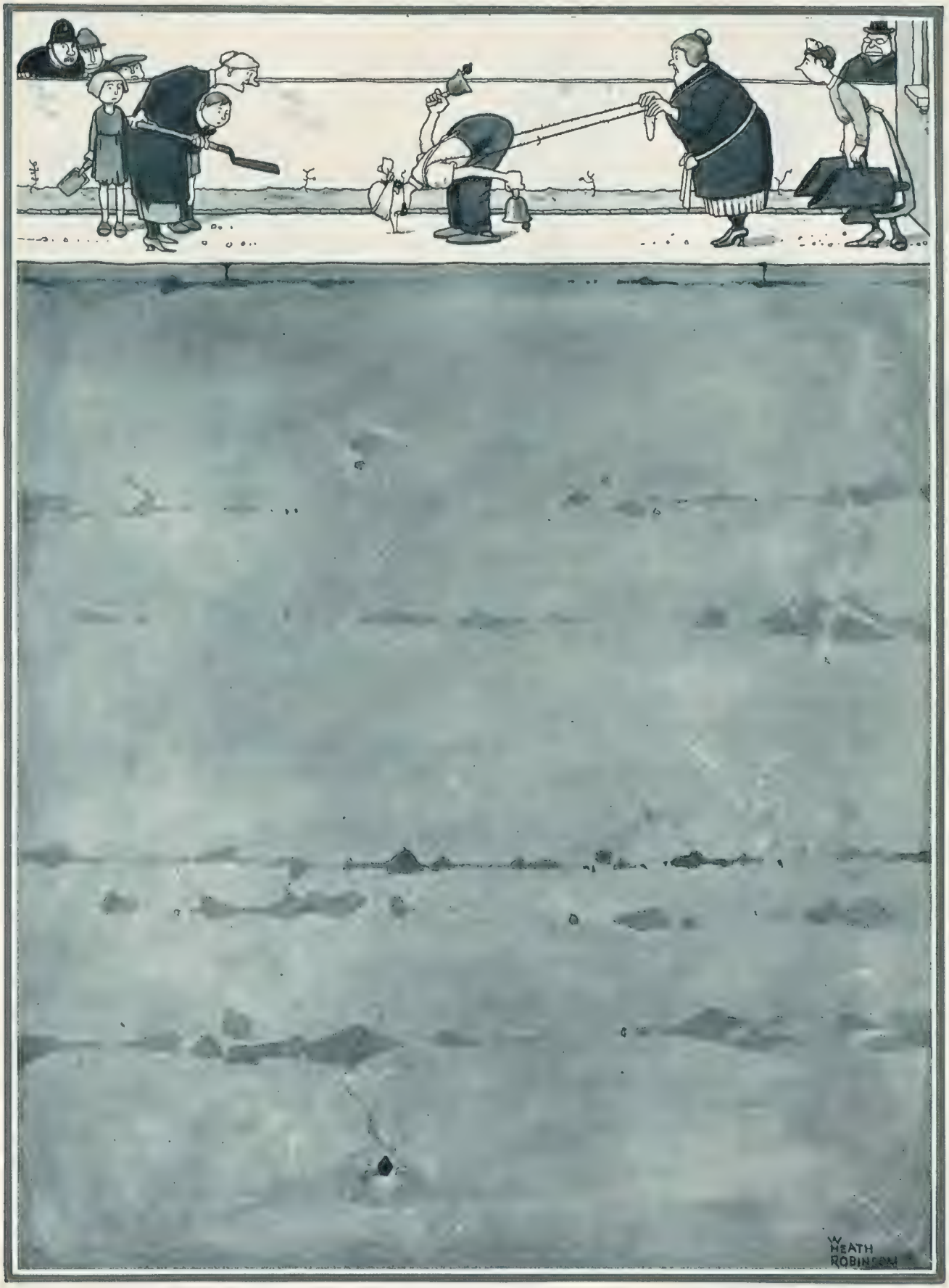
There was a moment's grim silence. Then Cherry-Kane laughed—drily, it is true—but a real laugh none the less.

"Backed a loser, by gad," he said. "And a jelly-bag like you wins." He turned away. "Priceless morning for a flip," he added, and walked over to the machine. A minute later he had displaced the flight sergeant and was in the air. Quite coolly, Paisley watched him go . . . .

There are points about Paisley that will one day make him a great man. One is that his explanation of why his commanding officer took up that machine was entirely satisfactory and quite untruthful. The other, that he told his wife neither more nor less than the official version. He likes her to keep her dreams intact.

"Always he made an opportunity"

Defeating the Miners



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

An amateur coal diviner nosing out a kitchen nut on his estate at Streatham

In Free Bavaria

BY THE BYSTANDER OUT OF OCCUPATION

IT was a chance acquaintance from Munich who proposed it in a restaurant on the Drachenfels. "Why don't you come to Germany?" he said. "If you haven't been there since pre-War days you will be agreeably surprised."

Far below, the Rhine, glittering in the sun like a huge silver snake, wound in and out of forest and vine-clad hills. The bearded "Vater Rhein" moved from table to table, accompanying his Rhineland melodies on the guitar. The remark seemed to call for some explanation.

"This"—the Munich man waved his hand comprehensively to include all the occupied area—"is not Germany. It is merely the playground of quarrelsome schoolboys, who can only keep the peace amongst themselves by agreeing to stone the residents' windows. For instance, the French, who like wine and dancing, do not object to the Americans enforcing demi-semi Pussyfoot rules in Coblenz cafés or the austere English discountenancing dancing in Cologne, while these two latter nations, who in their own lands keep the negro so strictly in his place, in return allow the French to put armed blacks in charge of the "Rhinelanders." The Bystander Out of Occupation, who, in his passionate search for truth would rather hear curses which come from the heart than flatteries born on the lips, treacherously nodded acquiescence in these libels. "Or you can regard it as a jumping-off trench for the Paris command," went on the other. "Under the iron rule of the alien here you would never imagine that Germany had become a free and democratic Republic. You should come to Munich to see what freedom Germany now enjoys."

After all this, it was surprising to find, on registering at a Munich hotel, that the same family history (with the addition of a demand for father's and mother's first names and occupations) was required, as is insisted on from the oppressed Rhinelander. Still more astonishing was it to be told to report personally at the police station within twenty-four hours under penalty of arrest. This looked at first like a measure designed for the enemy alien. At the police station, however, the "orderly-room" was crowded with guilty-looking visitors of all nationalities, including any Germans not born in Free Bavaria.

"Take your hat off," snapped out a pocket Bismarck in Pickelhaube at the door—not to the Bystander Out of Occupation, who had been creeping hatless through the stone corridors since he had received one sharp glance from the green policeman with shiny rifle in the gateway. A notice, "It is forbidden to take up permanent residence in Munich," hung over the desk of the police clerk. An hour or two later this official deigned to take down full particulars, but in reply to a request to return the passport he had inspected said "Not yet. First you must write (in German) a letter to the Herr Police President asking to be allowed to stay in Munich, explaining what you are doing here and giving particulars of yourself as contained in your passport. Then you must leave Munich this evening—unless the Herr President allows you to stay, when you must pay 100 marks. But here is a receipt for your passport, in case the police raid your hotel. Come back at 3 p.m. for the Herr President's decision."

It was a trembling and completely demoralised journalist who approached the Police Presidency at 3 p.m., hearing already in imagination the measured tramp of the firing squad in the inner courtyard.

"Saturday afternoon—no passes attended to," said the Green Policeman, sharply, while his finger caressed the trigger-guard of his rifle. "The Herr Police-Clerk forgot that. Come back on Monday."

And on Sunday, at 4 a.m., came a thunderous knock on the bedroom door.

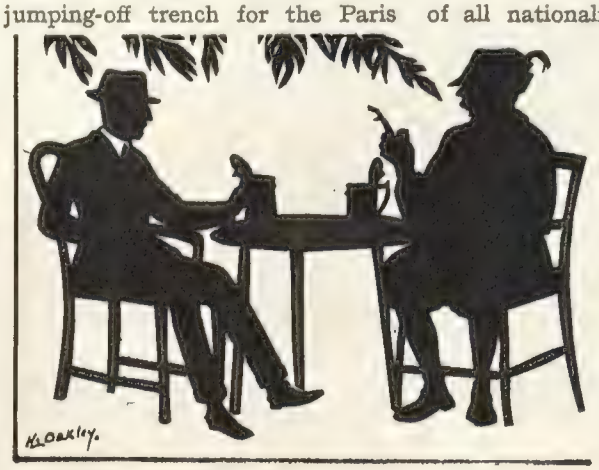
"Police Revision," boomed a full pair of Bavarian lungs. "Five minutes to dress; then open your door and show your papers!"

It was no consolation that the hotel proprietor explained next day that every Munich hotel is raided once or twice a week in this way—that it was no worse than the "8 a.m." bell in a certain famous Cape Town hotel—the Bystander-Out-of-Occupation only waited long enough to get and pay for the Herr President's permission to stay in Munich, to get the same to depart, and become once more (thankfully) the Bystander in Occupation.

ERIC GORDON

By H. L. OAKLEY

"Five minutes to dress; then open your door and show your papers!"



"A chance acquaintance in a restaurant on the Drachenfels"

Impressions of the International

BY HELEN McKIE

The Horse Show at Olympia last week was a brilliant display of horsemanship and horses. Keen competition existed between the rival countries in the contest over the jumping course for His Majesty's Gold Cup

R. LYCETT
Who, though he has played most of his tennis in Australia, is English born, and is now one of the mainstays of our Davis Cup team

Z. SHIMIDZU
The hope of Japan, whose courtesy, apart from his skill, won him instant popularity when he first appeared at Wimbledon (and incidentally reached the final) last year

F. T. HUNTER
One of America's many good men; very sturdily built, he hits the ball very hard, and is a fine exponent of the attacking game at which the Americans are so adept

ARNOLD JONES
One of America's boy champions; a brilliant, though somewhat erratic, young player of great promise

MRS. FRANKLIN I. MALLORY
Lady champion of America; she is a Norwegian by birth, but an American by naturalisation

W. T. TILDEN
The American champion; holder of the World's Championship Singles and also of the World's Championship on hard courts

S. M. JACOB
Captain of the all-India team; a player whose consistency, backed by a good deal of aggressiveness, makes him a very difficult man to tackle

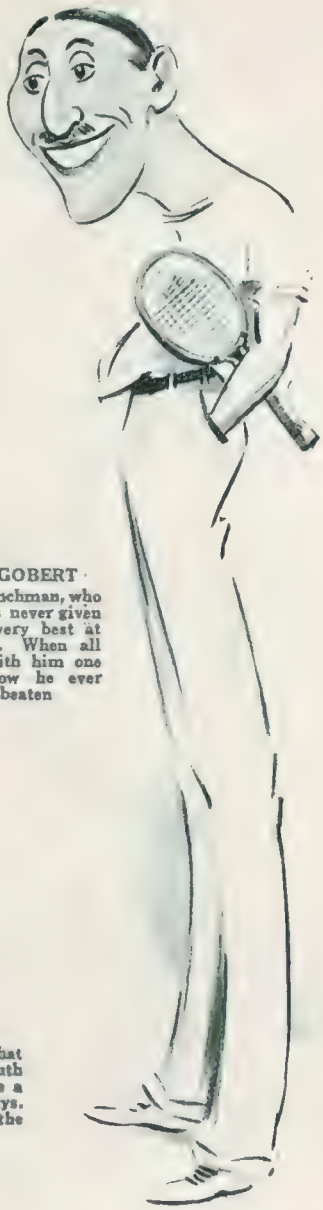
WHO'S WHO

WIMBLEDON has become more than ever the meeting-place of all nations. The briefest glance at these pages will suffice to convince you of the fact, and yet the players depicted therein are only fifteen out of dozens of interesting people from all parts of the earth who have met together to celebrate the greatest lawn tennis festival of the year. When the draw for the Men's Championship was first published it was calculated that six nations stood a chance of having a representative in "the last eight," and to get into the last eight at Wimbledon is an honour which many prize more highly than the reaching of the final at an ordinary open tournament. These prognostications may, or may not, have been falsified by this time, but whatever may have happened in the past few days the claim of lawn tennis to be the most universal game in the world must remain unchallenged.

SKETCHES BY

MLLE. SUZANNE LENGLEN
Holder of the World's Championship in Singles, Mixed Doubles and Ladies'. Doubles; unquestionably the greatest lady-player the world has ever seen

DR. A. H. FYZEE
The stolid Indian player who has reduced the returning and placing of the ball with a minimum of effort to a fine art



A. H. GOBERT
The big Frenchman, who hitherto has never given us of his very best at Wimbledon. When all goes well with him one wonders how he ever gets beaten

T. M. MAVROGORDATO
One of the best of our English "die-hards"; nimble alike of foot and of mind he is one of those people who are never done with

MAJOR A. R. F. KINGSCOTE
England's chief hope when the Tournament began. He gave Tilden his hardest match last year, and has proved himself the man for a great occasion

B. I. C. NORTON
The brilliant but somewhat irresponsible young South African who ought to be a champion one of these days. He has all the strokes of the great player

AT WIMBLEDON

Nor must it be forgotten that Wimbledon was the birthplace of the Championship, if not actually of the game itself, and that it was at Wimbledon that the seeds of the present popularity of lawn tennis were first sown in the days when the twin brothers Renshaw first revealed its endless possibilities.

This is why players who have no earthly chance of surviving more than a round or two are so keen to play at Wimbledon. They feel that by so doing they are helping in the making of the game's history, so many of the finest chapters of which are to be found in the annals of the Centre Court. This may be the last Wimbledon to be played on the old ground at Worple Road, but when the new ground rises phœnix-like from the ashes of the old the Wimbledon tradition will still be maintained, and the nations will vie with each other, as they are doing now, in helping to that end.

M. ALONSO
Champion of Spain; possessed of a beautiful style he has achieved most of his successes on hard courts, and is a newcomer to Wimbledon

MISS E. RYAN
Whose deadly chop strokes and volleys are the bane of nearly everybody except the incomparable Suzanne. Though a native of California she has perfected her game in England

Phyllis Kermode

PHYLLIS KERMODE

" BYSTA

BY WILMOT LUNT

NDERS"

A Day With the Bombay Hunt

THE MASTER WITH HIS PACK

Mr. H. D. Ash, the present Master of the Hunt, and the huntsmen before setting off for the meet

THE HUNT BREAKFAST

Some members of the hunt breakfasting, after a successful run, at the Jackal Club, near Bombay. Inset is a "close up" of the hounds prior to an early morning run

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.

Revels Without Restraint at the Quat'z' Arts Ball

MES AMIS—

I WOULD wish to write this true—if not the whole true—story of the Quat'z' Arts Ball with the anonymity, but I have not been able to find the means. It is because I am not supposed to have been there that I must use the disguises. I must not get into the trouble the friends whose subterfuges have enabled me to pass the magic portals. All those who have ever tried to enter will understand and sympathise. And when I write that as many hundreds of costumed Carthaginians were refused to enter as there were inside the great hall of Luna Park, those who have never faced the ordeal will also understand, although they will, perhaps, jocularise. Not any assembly of the plotting conspirators was ever so jealously guarded from the ear or the eye of the profane as this yearly revel of the students of art. Not any money can bribe the keeper of the gate. Not any sentry has ever demanded the production of so many mystic passwords before to give the sign "All's well." And I, who faltered at the seventh question, and had the perspiration till, just fortunately, to remember the Russian name that was the countersign, shall not ever forget the agony of the look towards the door that led back to the street. However, my burning ears have heard the word, "Pass, friend," and once inside the past is, for the time, forgotten.

IT is because the fête is not meant for the uninitiated that the barriers are so terrible to surmount. Some of them are the really intimate friends of the students of art, as myself. And generally they get in. But others are those who have paid the hundreds of francs for the tickets to some mysterious third person. And generally they are thrown out, with the few rags of their costume that have not been torn off, held painfully together with the two hands.

IT is a mistake of the uninitiated that they come with too much costume, and are, therefore, suspect. And it is another mistake that they do not join the rejoicings enough early and acquire the necessary knowledge, the *abandon* and the *flair*. The Bal des Quat'z' Arts does begin in "the Quarter" in the afternoon. It embraces the boulevards in the evening. It concentrates in the ballroom from midnight to the hour of six. And after then it limps its way back to the "Quarter" to take the *douche* of revival at the fountain of the *École des Beaux Arts*.

"In the *vestiaire*"

AT the stroke of half-past five, therefore, a poor Phœnician soldier, private in rank, has followed stealthily along the narrow highways of 'Parnasse a gorgeous Carthaginian general, whom you would not have recognised although you know him well. Rolandia has watched with seeing eye and heard with intent ear the signs and shibboleths of Poncinibal. So well, that round the festive board he has been able to talk "shop" about the size of *toiles* on which one does a torso or a *figure d'expression*. Of which he knows not anything—really. But the artists are a friendly tribe, even when dressed as the fierce warriors of Hannibal, and the pale Phœnician has found a ready place in their affections. One has passed around the *pinard* right cheerily, and the rich red wine has loosed the shields and bucklers of reserve. Everyone has been "of the family" before to arrive at the famous dish of the beans, which it has not been permissible to forego.

AND when has come the *sortie* from the restaurant the whole company, two

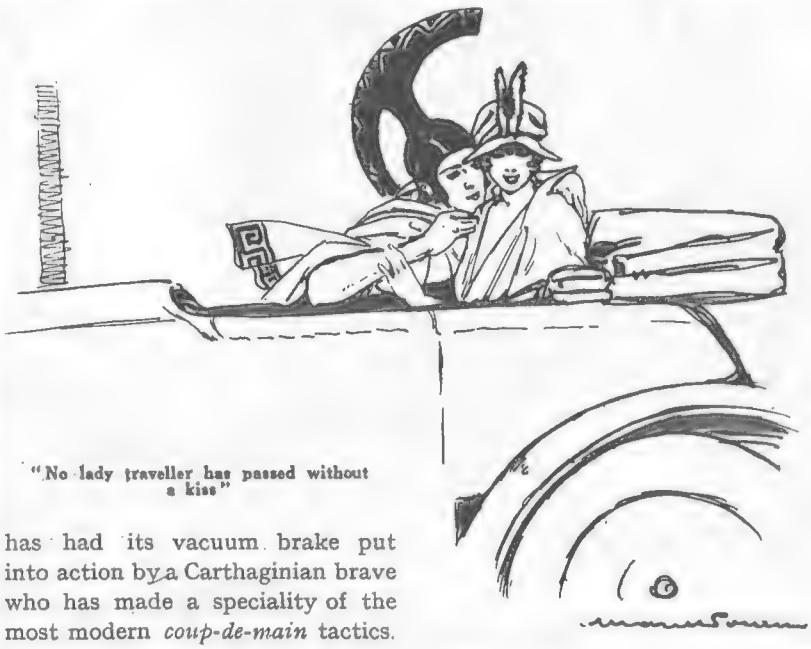
THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

hundred strong, has been linked in the hearts as well as in the arms. There has been an enthusiasm of the riotous which would have been impossible—as well as unwise—to resist. When one is in Carthage one must do as the Carthaginians do. As I am not at all sure, despite our dear Flaubert, what the Carthaginians have done, I have had to accept as true local colour what the students of art do.

THERE has been immediately the *cortège*. One does not ride to the Quat'z' Arts Ball. It is against the tradition. One walks the whole way. And as the Luna Park is from "the Quarter" at least four miles, with many cafés on the way, it has required from nine o'clock till midnight to arrive. But it has been the great fun, if a bit wild. First has been the noisy entrance on the Boulevard St. Germain, the noise being doubled by the clash with another *atelier*, which has entered at the similar time. It has not been easy to undo the mix-up which has been caused by the exchange of compliments and caresses. Then has been taken into the partnership of revelry the public which has lined the route, and especially the tramcar drivers and the motorists who have sought to get through. Every tramcar has had its vacuum brake put into action by a Carthaginian brave who has made a speciality of the most modern *coup-de-main* tactics.

AND as soon as the tramcar has been put to a standstill it has been invaded by the hordes of black and bronze-faced warriors who have exacted rapid tribute from the fair. Similarly with the motor-cars. No lady traveller has passed without a kiss upon the brow, while the man at the wheel has had the like attention from the Carthaginiennes. When there has been a lack of motor-cars and trams there have been the raids upon the roadside onlookers. One damsel captured at the Rue du Bac has been released at the Place de la Concorde, almost a kilometre ahead.

"The exchange of—caresses"



"No lady traveller has passed without a kiss"

ARRIVAL at the Place de la Concorde has been a reminder simultaneous of Chez Maxim and a thirst. A wonderful combination in the thoughts of revellers! "*Au galop!*" has been sounded by the trumpeter, and in a trice *clients* who had been sitting before the filled glasses Chez Maxim have gazed upon the empty ones. They have been amazed to see the liquids disappear down the throats of invading barbarians. To their credit, they have been as much amused as amazed, and have not minded in the least. Especially as they have been paid with the inevitable Carthaginian kiss. Did Carthaginians kiss so free and frankly? The boldness has surprised many of the recipients and also the man behind the bar. Then has come the turn of the band, which has given a weird and woeful selection while the Carthaginian "shimmy" has been "shaken" on the sardine-packed floor. *Ensuite* the Champs-Élysées with a similar call at Fouquet's Bar and the other most well-known cafés on the long road to Porte Maillot.

HERE the terrible cross-examination, one by one, of the thousands who have wished to enter Luna Park. And *enfin* the *bal* itself, subject of the never-ending stories, some true, many otherwise. There is the complete freedom to do as one pleases without the slightest interference from the other revellers. As I have said, I have gone as the spectator, and it is not mine the right to criticise where I have not been invited. There have been done the things which have been a surprise even for us experienced Parisians, but we have been the unasked guests, so we have had to turn the blind eye. And similarly I must use the blind, or at the least, the half-blind pen. One must leave the rest to the imagination.

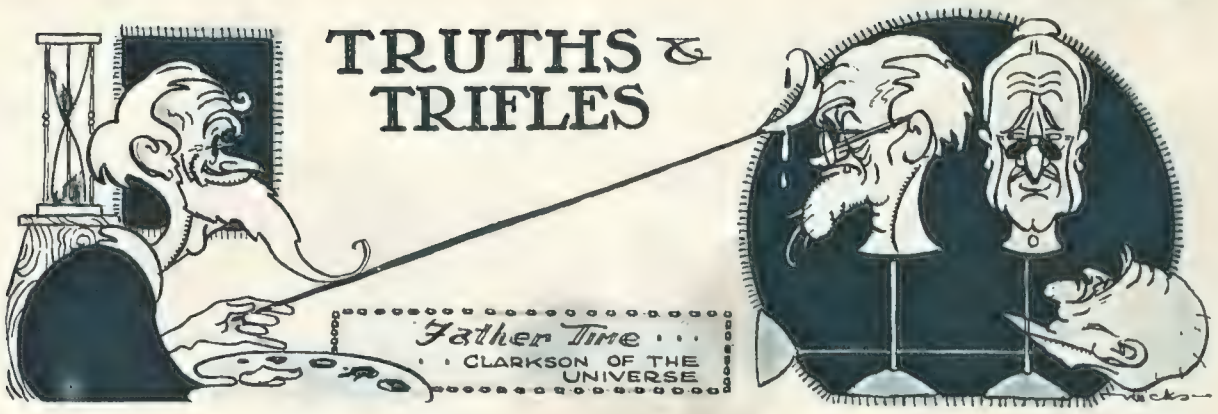
ROLAND

A Night of Revelry

BY MARCEL PONCIN

THE QUAT'Z' ARTS BALL

Little need be said of the happenings at this well-known "artistic" event in Paris. "Roland" was there, Poncin, too, and we gather that even these two were a little startled



By Victor Hicks

ACCIDENTS DE LUXE

A cry of horror went up from the busy shopping throng as a man was seen to fall from the top of a 'bus, followed quickly by a sigh of relief as it was noticed that he was able to pick himself up and make for the pavement.

This relief, however, was but short-lived, for a taxi, darting out from the rest of the traffic, caught the unfortunate traveller full in the back, hurling him towards the gutter, where a motor-cyclist, unable to pull up in time, ran over both his legs.

With bleeding head and bruised limbs the poor fellow staggered to the pavement and fell into the arms of a kindly looking pedestrian.

For a moment the injured man lay still, then suddenly, with a supreme effort, he managed to place one badly crushed hand into the inside pocket of his jacket. Extracting from it a bundle of newspapers he handed them to the man whose arms were supporting him, "Would you mind, sir," he asked in excited tones, "just working out how much I've got to come!" C. N.

From Our Pessimist

We hear on good authority that quite a lot of people have already decided not to swim the Channel this year.

* * *

A man, missing from his home, is described as having a pronounced Roman nose. In my opinion, even if they find the man, the nose will never "turn up."

* * * *

The citizens of Worcester, U.S.A., have presented the English Worcester with a bronze tablet. We understand that the return gift is to take the form of a silver-plated corkscrew.

* * * *

During the recent Civil Service strike in Rome it was stated that "letters were not delivered, officials spent their time reading newspapers, and telephoning was out of the question." Italian visitors to England will feel at home at once.

* * * *

The furniture for the new L.C.C. County Hall is to cost £25,000. This estimate does not include permanent officials and other fixtures.

* * * *

"Stage Wedding a Failure," reports an evening paper. In other words, after a short run the peace was withdrawn!

* * * *

A man living in Warwickshire spent his 101st birthday sawing wood. Curiously enough, the ex-Kaiser spent the 550th day of his proposed trial doing likewise.

* * *

It is reported that one of our many Admirals recently joined a battleship as a sailor in order to get the proper atmosphere for a book he was writing at the time. We understand that the crew easily saw through his clumsy disguise.

* * *

The nature of the sentences imposed up to the present on German war criminals leads one to suppose that the really serious offenders will be awarded promotion and a bonus.

* * *

The Society of Arts has been discussing the possibility of playing football and golf by artificial light at night. Gentlemen habitually "detained at the office" are greatly elated at the prospect of another good excuse.

By Elsa Courlander

OVERHEARD AT OSTEND

François: "I was born in France"
John: "What part?"
François: "The whole part of me"

Pictures of Industry

ONE WOULD LOVE TO SEE

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

THE MUNIFICENT MINERS

At the Casino de Paris

Photograph *Agllou*

MDLLE. ANDRÉE DYOLIANE

A fascinating dancer who has made a great success at the Casino, whither all Paris flocks to see her

"IF"

AT THE AMBASSADORS

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL.

PEOPLE have, no doubt, always speculated curiously as to what the result would have been if things had happened to us otherwise than they did; and this ingenious play affords an instance in which the probable bifurcation is clearly indicated. We begin with Mr. John Beal, a very ordinary young man (a singularly able study by Mr. Henry Ainley), who was on his way to Town to look for a job. He arrived at his suburban railway station a second or two late, and the disobliging porter slammed the gate in his face just as he was making a dash for the train.

THE incident is sufficiently familiar to us all to enable us to guess quite easily his inaudible comment on the catastrophe. (Hush!) Ten years then elapse, and when we meet John Beal again we find him settled down, having acquired in the ordinary course the usual wife and the usual two children of the suburban household. About that time an Oriental person of the name of Ali, to whom John has rendered some slight service, calls to ask him to accept a magic crystal which has the power to reveal what would have happened to him if at any given moment in his career he had chosen another path in place of that which he has actually trodden. In about twenty-four hours he will live the last ten years of the life that would, under different circumstances, have been his.

MRS. BEAL does not like the idea at all. It might, for instance, reveal the distressing fact that John might have married someone else and have been just as happy as he is with his present wife. John is not very curious, yet he cannot help insisting with gentle obstinacy that he really would like to know what would have happened if he had caught that train he missed ten years ago. He therefore rubs his crystal as Aladdin rubs his lamp, and a new chapter of the past is opened for him accordingly.

GLADYS COOPER AND HENRY CAINE.

WE are back at the railway station again; but this time the door is not shut in his face, and he is allowed to dart through and scramble into the train. There are two other passengers in the compartment. One is a lady—it was probably a smoking-carriage — and as the window is shut she wants to have it opened. As soon as it is opened she wants to have it shut again. So true to life, isn't it? The other passenger is a little impatient about it all, and alights at the first opportunity. As soon as he has gone the lady becomes quite communicative. She is in such a peculiar position and is so helpless and has no one to advise her. The fact is that an uncle has left her a hundred thousand pounds, which amount has been invested at twenty-five per cent., a rate of interest that would not, I think, have been looked upon with favour in the old days by the

more responsible advisers of Copthall Avenue. But that was before Consols lost their "sweet simplicity."

It turns out, however, that the investment is not such a wild-cat affair after all, since the capital is secure and the interest is being actually earned. The difficulty is the collection of the money. The security is a mountain pass somewhere in Persia, and the return on the investment is supplied by the dues paid by those who use the pass which is one of the main arteries of the country.

John Beal was at that time a young man without a job, and with his full share of the British spirit of adventure. He readily agrees to go to Persia and find the gentleman who owes the money. The next we see of him is in a tent which he is occupying in a wild country entirely surrounded by a fierce Persian population which, as the only white man among them, he brings to heel in the proper British way. The natives obey him and respect him; but the chief, Hussein, who is, as it were, the trustee for the debenture-holders, refuses to part with a single drachma, or whatever the local currency may consist of. About that time the lady of the train, Miss Miralda Clement, arrives on the scene without either escort or *chaperon*. She appears to have developed on the journey all the more marked characteristics of the business-like barbarian. It is true that she still complains of being so helpless, and of having no one to advise her; but she is soon satisfied that her own helplessness is a trifle compared to that of her steward, John Beal. She laughs at his explanation that it will be impossible to make Hussein pay. It is so obvious to her that the one thing to be done is to kill Hussein and inherit his money and lands. Anybody could see that at a glance.

So by the time the next act comes along Hussein has been forcibly gathered to his fathers, and John Beal reigns in his stead. Miralda Clement reclines at his side on a gorgeous divan with all the splendour of an Oriental court about her, while musicians and miracle-workers entertain her and her lord. John is the great chieftain, and she is his—Beloved. But her position does not satisfy her. She wants to be a queen and to have a set of marriage lines that she can keep in her pocket ready to show to anybody who may doubt her complete respectability. John, however, is for letting matters remain as they are. What can Miralda do in her helplessness with no one to advise her?

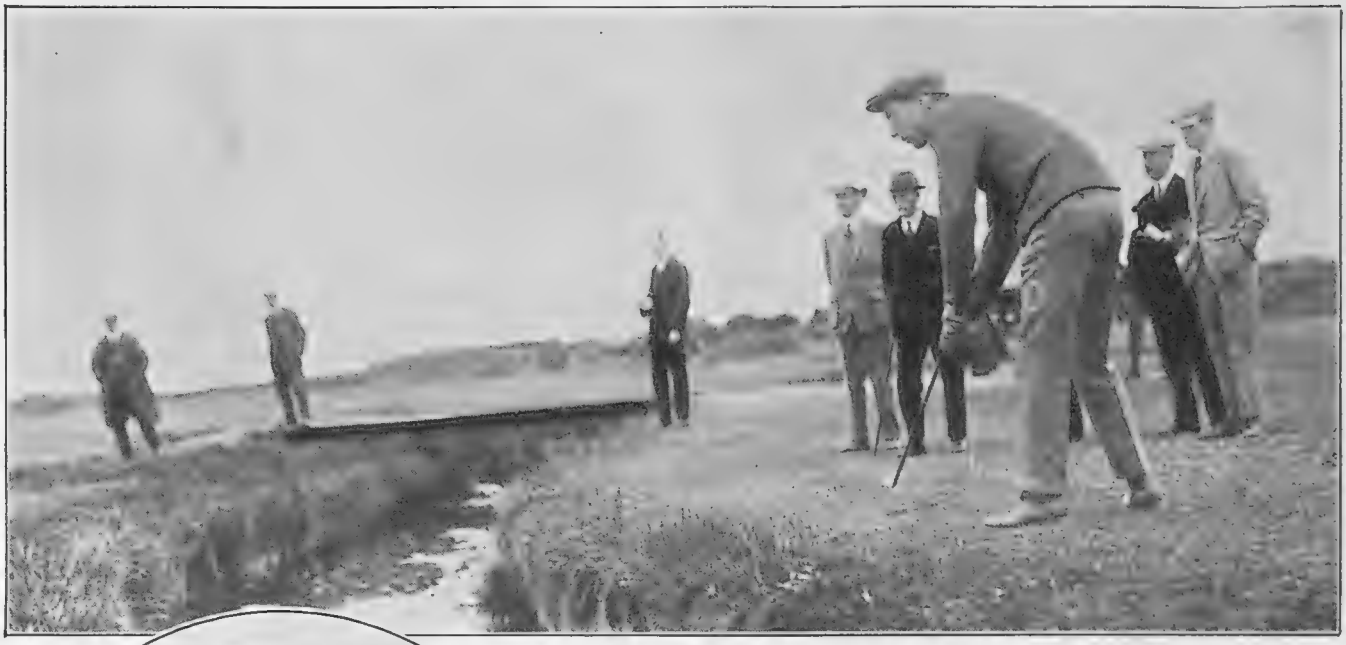
Once again, having adapted herself very successfully to her environment, she hits upon the obvious solution of the difficulty. John must be done in, that's all

There is a gentleman of the name of Hafiz who is willing to make Miralda his queen, and he will regard the killing of John Beal as a very congenial part of the day's work. To this end he goes out and collects several professional assassins who are to rush the throne-room at a given signal and then get busy with their stickers.

It happens, however, that John has one faithful retainer, named Daoud (a remarkable piece of acting by Mr. Michael Sherbrooke). Miss Miralda, apprehensive that Daoud knows more than she wants him to know about her plan, asks John Beal if he will do her a small favour. She would be so much obliged if he will have Daoud killed as she has taken a positive dislike to the fellow.

But it is from Daoud that John learns the secret of the longevity of unpopular Eastern monarchs. They know the psychological moment when they have got to scoot down the back staircase and make a dash for the woods. According to Daoud that moment has arrived for John, who, accepting the hint, makes a run for it, and wins by a neck. In due course he is back again in his suburban home, the plain prosaic family man once more, rather glad if anything that he did miss the train that morning long ago.

As Miralda Clement, Miss Gladys Cooper is delightfully humorous with a daintiness that is all her own. The Oriental atmosphere is admirably established, and the company includes Musicians, Pages, Notables, and Bishareens. I regret that in my ignorance I do not know what a Bishareen is, but I have no reason to suppose that it is something that may not be mentioned in mixed company. *If* is a play that will draw the Town, slump or no slump, and it should easily run for months and months. JINGLE



Photograph *Photo Illus. Co.*

THE FAMOUS SWILCAN BURN

Which meanders menacingly across the course to the first hole at St. Andrews where the Open Championship of Golf was held last week. Its muddy waters seem to possess a sort of magnetic attraction for golf balls

SPORTS & PASTIMES

Photograph *Photo Illus. Co.*

"JOCK" HUTCHISON

The U.S.A. golfer, once a caddie at St. Andrews, who broke the record of the Eden course, did a hole in one, and performed other prodigies of valour in the Open Championship last week

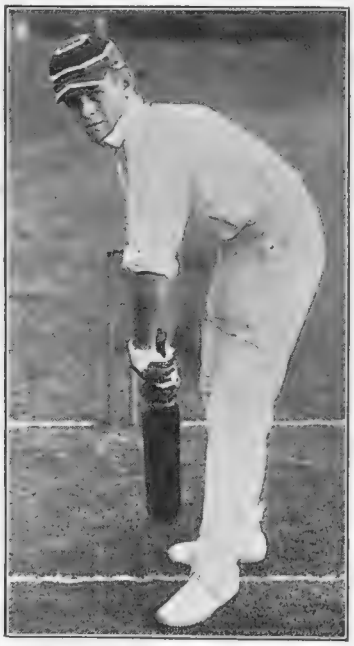
ROWING

Henley Prospects

FROM a purely International point of view Henley, which starts to-day (Wednesday), will not be so enthralling as some of the Henleys of past seasons. We shall, doubtless, not be stoked up to the white heat of excitement which prevails when Leander, say, or the crack college crew of Oxford or Cambridge meet an American or a Belgian eight in the Grand. To that extent it will be a more placid function for those who are looking on, but none the less enjoyable on that account, for there is little doubt that the racing itself will be as keen as ever it was.

Candidates for the Grand

IN the Grand the only foreign entrant, the de Maas eight from Holland, is faced with formidable opposition. Magdalen, Oxford, have almost the identical eight with which they won the event last year, and are a much stronger crew than that which lost the headship of the river to New College, who are also competing. So are Jesus, the head of the river at Cambridge, and Leander, who are made up of two Oxford and six Cambridge oarsmen and are stroked by P. H. S. Hartley. Unless the Dutch eight spring a surprise upon us I think the winners will be found among these four, and that Magdalen have an excellent chance of repeating their last year's victory. Jesus should prove their most dangerous rivals, since they were already a crew in being when they started training. Leander, on the other hand, as often happens to Leander, have not had any too much time to get together.



Photographs *Sport and General*

V. R. PRICE (Oxford) G. ASHTON (Cambridge)

The rival captains in the 'Varsity Cricket Match which begins at Lords on Monday next, and, consequently, clashes with the third Test Match. The two elevens are exceptionally strong this year, and a great fight is anticipated

A Magdalen Henley?

THERE are, in fact, indications that this may be a Magdalen Henley, for Magdalen have another eight in the Thames Cup, fours in the Stewards' and the Visitors', and all pretty useful at that; whilst the Magdalen pair, Lucas and Nickalls, are holders of the Goblets, and may retain them, though they should have all

their work cut out to beat Campbell and Playford, of Jesus, Cambridge.

Beresford for the Diamonds

THE Christiania Club, Norway, are competing in the Thames Cup and also in the Wyfolds, for which the Royal Chester four, on the strength of their win at Marlow, are the favourites. It is thought that First Trinity, who went up four places in the Mays at Cambridge, may win the Ladies' Plate, but the racing in this event, and also in the Thames Cup, is bound to be very close. In the Diamonds it is doubtful whether any sculler will be able to dethrone J. Beresford, jun., last year's winner, unless it be D. H. L. Gollan, who is sculling under Leander colours this year.

THE MAGDALEN (OXFORD) EIGHT

Practising for the Grand at Henley. With practically the same crew as that with which they won the trophy last year, they will make a bold bid to retain it

THE DE MAAS EIGHT FROM HOLLAND

The only foreign competitors in the Grand, although Norway is sending from Christiania an eight and a four for the Thames and the Wyfolds

LAWN TENNIS

The Wimbledon Date

I SEE that Wallis Myers, whose latest book, *Twenty Years of Lawn Tennis*, I have been reading with the utmost enjoyment, has raised the question in one of the publications which are fed from his facile pen whether Wimbledon does not come too early in the season. He points out that the early championship meetings were regarded as a sort of social function, which, since they hardly ever exceeded a week in duration, came in appropriately between Ascot and Henley. Now that the gathering makes such a much wider appeal there is no particular point in adhering to the time-honoured date. What is more, Wimbledon fortnight is now one of the busiest times in sport of the whole summer. Look at the number of other engrossing events with which the meeting clashes this week.

Two "Might-Have-Beens"

MR. MYERS suggests, aptly enough, that we should have a higher standard of play at Wimbledon if the players had a longer time for preparation, for, when Wimbledon starts, the tournament season on grass is barely five weeks old. In the case of most pastimes a month would, perhaps, be regarded as an ample period of preparation, but with lawn tennis, or, at any rate, with some lawn tennis players, it is not so. It is easy to name at least two players who might, and probably would, have won the Championship if it had been held later. One is S. H. Smith and the other is J. C. Parke.

The Case for the Defence

AND there are others. But all the same I think that for the majority a month or five weeks is ample, and that to many the early incidence of Wimbledon is a blessing in disguise, because in their keenness to key themselves up they might, with a longer time to do it in, overplay themselves and become stale. On the top of all this we have to remember that before the grass season opens there is quite a lot of covered and hard court play for those who are minded to

Photographs] J. BERESFORD, JUN. [*Sport and General*

Holder of the Diamond Sculls, which he is most likely to retain. D. H. L. Gollan, the son of the famous old oarsman of that name, will probably prove his most dangerous opponent

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

indulge in it. And to ignore this fact is tantamount to saying that covered and hard court play is no preparation at all for play on grass at Wimbledon or elsewhere—a contention which to my mind carries its own refutation upon the face of it. The two kinds of game have enough in common to lend a helping hand to one another.

Rebutting Evidence

THERE is, however, another aspect of the case which leaves the question of preparation wholly out of account, and yet is worth considering. Wimbledon is *the* event of the lawn tennis season. After it there is the inevitable anti-climax which nothing — not even such a series of interesting Davis Cup matches as we had in England last year—can quite overcome. And yet this anti-climax comes when the summer season is not nearly over, and so divides that season into two halves of which, as an Irishman might say, one is much bigger than the other—a situation for which, outside matrimony, there is no known precedent. In America it would seem that they order these things better. Not only does the serious business of championship competition begin later, but it is spread over a longer period of time. In England the five championships, for players of both sexes, which are dignified with the high-sounding title of "Championship of the World," are all compressed into one delirious fortnight. If their importance is really commensurate with their names, their organisers should surely realise that they are not bound by the manners and customs of the ordinary open tournament. H. S. S.

GOOGLIALITIES. By A. A. Mailey

Last Sunday we spent the day at Kew Gardens. During lunch the waiter's greasy old coat found its way into Macartney's plate of fruit salad

MAC: "Hey, Waiter! You've got your coat in my fruit salad."

WAITER: "It's all right, sir, it won't hurt; its only an old one!"

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RACING & POLO NOTES

Our Crack Two-Year-Olds

A good many questions inevitably follow a great meeting like Ascot, and racegoers are now discussing the quality of the two-year-olds we saw there. Somehow I cannot believe that we saw a really brilliant youngster there. Pondoland is undoubtedly a high-class colt, but I should hesitate to describe him as a genuine champion. In fact, I shall not be surprised if Drake's Drum reverses the Ascot placings the next time they meet. Lord Jersey's Scamp, Mr. "Dick" Dawson's Blanche colt, and Mr. Whineray's Wild Mint are all good two-year-olds, but I fancy there are some dark'uns at Manton and elsewhere who will prove too good for them in the autumn. Already I hear of a Manton two-year-old who is reckoned to have a chance of winning next year's Derby.

Reecho's Owner

Sir Ernest Paget, that well-known figure in sporting circles, does not own many horses, but he wins his share of the big prizes of the Turf. This season he has carried off a Kempton Jubilee with Paragon and a Woodcote Stakes with Reecho. Many have been puzzled to know why the name of the latter colt is printed in the official records without the hyphen, whereas his owner calls him Re-echo. Sir Ernest tells me that he registered the colt as "Re-echo," though as a matter of fact the spelling of the name is given without the hyphen in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. This on the authority of his owner, for I haven't looked up the dictionary in question.

Craig an Eran

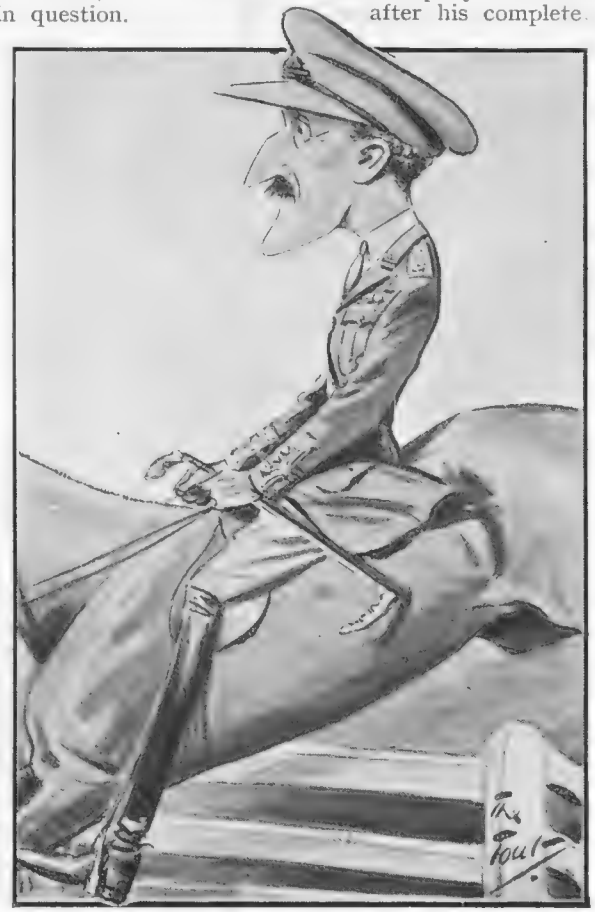
Craig an Eran's next race will be the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park, which will be on us in little more than a fortnight. Braishfield will be started mainly with the object of setting a pace for his brilliant young stable companion, and Alec Taylor will not complain if these tactics succeed as brilliantly as they did last year in the case of Buchan. The Derby eludes Lord Astor, but he cannot grumble at his luck in the rich stake at Sandown Park. After having won it twice with Buchan he looks like accomplishing the hat trick with Craig an Eran. Silvern will probably be the three-year-old's most formidable rival if he is nothing the worse for his long gallop on the hard ground at Ascot.

Behind the Ditch

I always rank the July meetings among the most delightful of the year. Whether or not you are backing winners you cannot fail to enjoy the calm serenity of these gatherings Behind the Ditch. If you turn out in flannels nobody will stare at you. In fact, there are certain historic suits of white ducks which are invariably worn here. The cool of the plantation is very grateful and comforting on a hot July day, and the beautiful course is one of the prides of Newmarket. Apart from the racing, which is always well worth watching, we have the sales of yearlings in the morning. We crowd round the sale-ring and speculate whether the thousands which the big ones of the Turf cheerfully bid are being well laid out. Yes; this week at Newmarket is decidedly pleasant, and as a rule nobody enjoys it more than the King. How we should all like to see His Majesty get hold of a few really good horses. He has certainly been very patient.

A Big Race

If all the good horses which are entered for the Princess of Wales Stakes on Thursday were to run it would be one of the great races of the year, but I fear there will be some notable absentees. Craig an Eran, for example, will probably not go with the Eclipse Stakes and the St. Leger looming ahead. Then Humorist is another "doubtful." I am told that the blood-vessel episode at Ascot is not regarded seriously by his trainer, but I can understand the policy of going steady with him for a while. What is more, both Humorist and Craig an Eran would have to put up big penalties. Leighton would be nicely weighted, but can he stay a mile and half? I give him the credit of being able to do so in this company. I don't like recommending Comrade after his complete failure at Ascot, while the distance is a bit too far for Orpheus. I think, therefore, that **Leighton** has a very fair chance of securing his first success this season.



By "The Tout"

LIEUT.-COLONEL GEOFFREY BROOKE

The first British winner of the King George International Challenge Cup for jumping at Olympia Colonel Brooke received the massive gold cup from King Alfonso and he found it somewhat heavy. Seeing this the King of Spain laughingly took off the lid, which he presented to the second rider, Colonel Graham

Other Selections

I do not see anything "sticking out" in the Duke of Cambridge Handicap. I suppose that on the Royal Hunt Cup running Orpheus and Paragon should beat **Lacrosse,** for they are weighted in the same way, but we did not see the best of Mr. Solly Joel's colt at Ascot, and I propose to give him another chance. I hope to see the King's **Torment** run well in the Soham Stakes, while for the Girton Handicap on Thursday my selection is **Prague.** The London Cup at "Ally Pally" on Saturday may be won by **Vertigo.** "Carbine."

POLO NOTES

How Not to Hit Goals

What a tragedy the second and deciding test match was for British polo! There were our men, playing fully as well as the Americans, and a shade better on the whole, persistently muffing their chances in front of goal. The score in favour of the

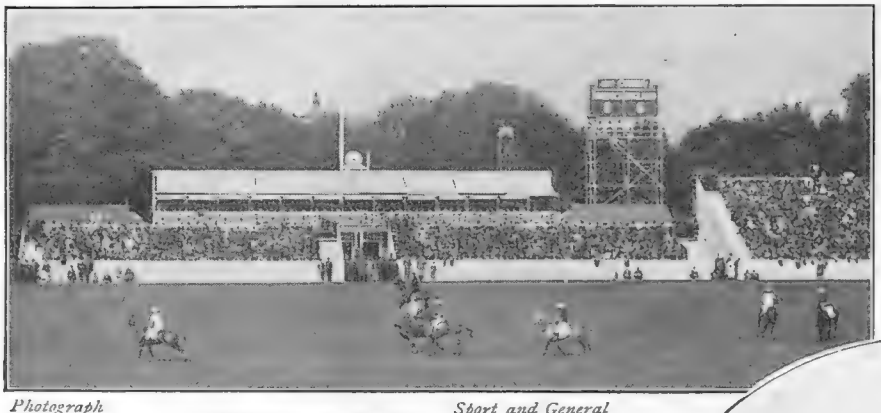
visitors, 10 goals to 6, might easily have been reversed had the English forwards had their "shooting" boots on. It was exasperating to see them brilliantly work the ball to within easy range of the posts and then to bring all their hard work to nought by a tame finishing touch. Still, the main object of a polo team is to hit goals, and if they cannot achieve this object when they have the chances no reasonable excuse can be made for them.

The Cup Goes Back

COLONEL TOMKINSON is undoubtedly our best No. 1. His place in the England team was assured a year ago. He was never a very accurate hitter of goals, and realised his weakness. No doubt he has been assiduously practising to improve his direction for many months, and it was lamentable that he should have failed just when good shooting was all important. Major Barrett, too, missed his share of opportunities. This was the more extraordinary in that he is probably the surest hitter in England. It so happened that over-anxiety or lack of confidence—call it what you will—had a disastrous effect upon our forwards. The result is that the cup goes back to America, probably for a long, long time. It has been practically decided that there shall be an interval of at least four years between each challenge for the International Cup. So when shall we see another game between England and America at Hurlingham?

Causes of Defeat

I DO not mind confessing that I was among those who firmly believed in England's chance of winning



Photograph *Sport and General*

ENGLAND v. AMERICA

A general view of the International polo match last week, in which the Americans inflicted such a heavy defeat on our team

the polo tests. We lost partly because of inferior shooting and partly because our ponies were not quite so good as those pitted against us. It is, at least, some consolation to know that more than half the ponies which helped to lower England's colours were bred in this country. Some of our best polo stock was sold to the United States when the War put a stop to the game in this country. Many good ponies were taken to France and never came back. More important than all, pony-breeding and training were practically suspended here throughout the War.

Where Are the Youngsters?

BUT have we the right men for the next Test? In spite of the prominence which the International matches have imported to polo this summer, the game has not recovered its former strength in this country. The trouble in Ireland prevents many of the crack cavalry regiments from settling down to the game, and you look around in vain for promising youngsters to replace those gallant fellows who fell in the War. One player told me that last season he reckoned the game cost him £5 a chukker. The increased expense which polo has involved since the War has unquestionably hindered the development of the game, and more than ever it has become a wealthy man's pastime. We miss men like Count "Johnny" de Madre, who brought many famous players to the front by lending them the right sort of ponies to play on.

"Tommy"

AMERICA is fortunate in having developed such a brilliant youngster as "Tommy" Hitchcock. She will not have to worry about a leader for her international teams for a good many years to come. Under normal conditions Mr. Hitchcock should remain a first-class player for another twenty seasons at least. He came through the intense strain of the recent matches at Hurlingham in wonderful style. His hitting never lost its length, and he confused those critics who predicted that he would get "rattled" and wild when the big test came. At twenty-one he is a veritable polo prodigy. Goodness knows how great he will be in the game in a few years' time.

"Watson" and "Jack"

IN Mr. Watson Webb, too, America made an important discovery. There is no harm in stating now that many good judges of polo in the United States doubted the wisdom of sending him over with the team. His brilliant work here has put them all to shame. I do not know who was the better in the test matches—Mr. Webb or Lord Wodehouse. Taking the two games as a whole they were the most consistently successful members of their respective sides. The Englishman was always fighting against odds, but played heroically all the same. Mr. "Dev" Milburn was as great as ever, though he wore a worried look throughout a greater part of the second match. Everybody is agreed that no better lot of sportsmen have ever swung polo-sticks than the members of the American team, and their victory is not begrudged. We merely hope for better luck—and better shooting—next time.

A. W. C.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

AN EXCITING MOMENT

The play was exceedingly fast and intensive during the second International and we held our own completely except in the matter of goal-hitting, in which the aim of our players was woefully erratic

Page 2 from Evelyn's Diary.

"Father sed we was to look after the flower garden cos he's busy growing pertatos and things to eat. We was each to have a little patch and grow what we like best. Margaret chose marigolds to match her hair and I chose pansies. Little John was a long time thinking, then he sed he'd grow Bird's Custard. We did larf, and he cried, becos he's only little, but Mother patted his head and sed he was a good judge of a good thing."

Bird's Custard

good at all times, is never better than with the fruits in season.

"The best fruits taste better when served with delicious Bird's Custard," says a great chef—*"and they certainly look better!"* What, for instance, is more inviting than stewed Cherries, Gooseberries, Raspberries, or Currants in their luscious juice mingling on the plate with golden Bird's Custard?

Bird's Custard replaces cream with advantage at infinitely less cost, and it modifies the fruit acids in the same beneficial way. Bird's is rich, yet never disagrees. Being made with milk it forms a splendid liquid food in which the nourishment of the milk is increased by 25 %.

The well-known nutritive value and delightful flavor of Bird's Custard bespeak purity, and distinguish Bird's from all imitations.

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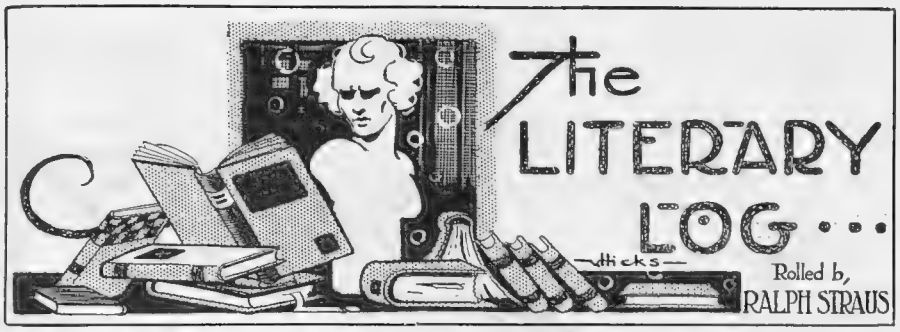


THE choice before the adjudicators of the Femina prize for the best novel by a British woman-writer, cannot have been easy, but the public, I fancy, will not find fault with their decision. The prize this year was awarded to Miss Constance Holme for that admirable story of hers, *The Splendid Fairing*, of which, you may remember, the log-roller spoke in almost extravagant terms. There can be no question at all: Miss Holme's work is extraordinarily good. It may be that her Westmorland backgrounds are still scaring off some of the great reading public, but sooner or later it will discover that these quiet rustic stories of a corner of England are not only unusually powerful in themselves but hold an appeal which bears no relation whatever to the size of the hamlets and townships of which they tell. Like the cities, these Westmorland villages contain all the drama there is, if only you know how to find it, and Miss Holme knows where to look. More, she follows a way of her own, a distinctive, alluring, distinguished way. She writes, and you know that nobody else could have written the thing.

⁂ ⁂

A NEW book of hers is just out, and it falls into line with the others. *The Trumpet in the Dust* (Mills and Boon: 8*s*. 6*d*. net), is a simple enough tale, yet one which keeps you throughout in an almost agonised suspense. Poor old Mrs. Clapham is a hard-working charwoman, getting past her work, it may be, though still willing and industrious. An almshouse outside her village is vacant, and Mrs. Clapham has set her heart on becoming the lucky possessor. Will those who have its bestowal choose her or the more cunning though far less desirable Martha Jane? They choose Mrs. Clapham, and the day of all days in her life has arrived. Never again will she have to slave. Her great wish has been granted.

⁂ ⁂

AND yet, almost as soon as the good news comes, you feel that Fate is not working altogether for Mrs. Clapham. There is *something* that will come and smash up the dream. Is it those neighbours-to-be? Be sure that Mrs. Clapham goes at once to the little house on the hill, and is not too graciously received. Is it the much-beloved Tibbie, her daughter, the widow of Poor Stephen, Emma Catterall's son? Is it Emma herself, that most dreadful old woman, who in some way is working against her? You cannot be certain.

⁂ ⁂

AND then comes other news—it must not be told here—and the sun goes down on as poignant a tragedy as it can ever have witnessed. If it were necessary to criticise I should say that the intrusion of Martha Jane at the end was unnecessary, but that is a very small point. There is not a male character in the book, but the half-dozen old women are most wonderfully described, and you lay the book down in amazement that such a big thing should have been created out of such a small thing as an old woman wanting a house. *The Trumpet in the Dust* is a great piece of work, full of power and love, and a fine and most delicate understanding.

⁂ ⁂

MR. JOHN COURNOS is a man to be watched. That novel of his, *The Mask*, with its intimate picture of a sensitive Russian boy removed from his native ghetto to a Philadelphia which seemed anything rather than what its name implied, told but part of a story. And its successor, *The Wall* (Methuen: 8*s*. 6*d*. net), does not finish the work as conceived. In the first of these books, you remember, Mr. Cournos employed a device whereby you knew that his young Gombarov in later years had been able to slough off his earlier shyness and sense of inferiority, and in *The Wall* he shows with a quite unusual skill the beginning of the process. Gombarov is still in Philadelphia, a hard-working journalist, forced to think of each penny; but new horizons are unfolding. There is the world of beauty and art; more important, there is the world of women.

⁂ ⁂

YOU can guess more or less into what kind of man this Gombarov will ultimately develop. Here, in the midst of amorous adventures, not very unusual, though described with great power, he remains, as it were, on the brink. These different woman bring disillusion with a regularity almost painful, but you know that they are merely preparing young John for the time when life will be able to stamp and impress his personality on the world. And herein lies the subtle excitement of *The Wall*.

⁂ ⁂

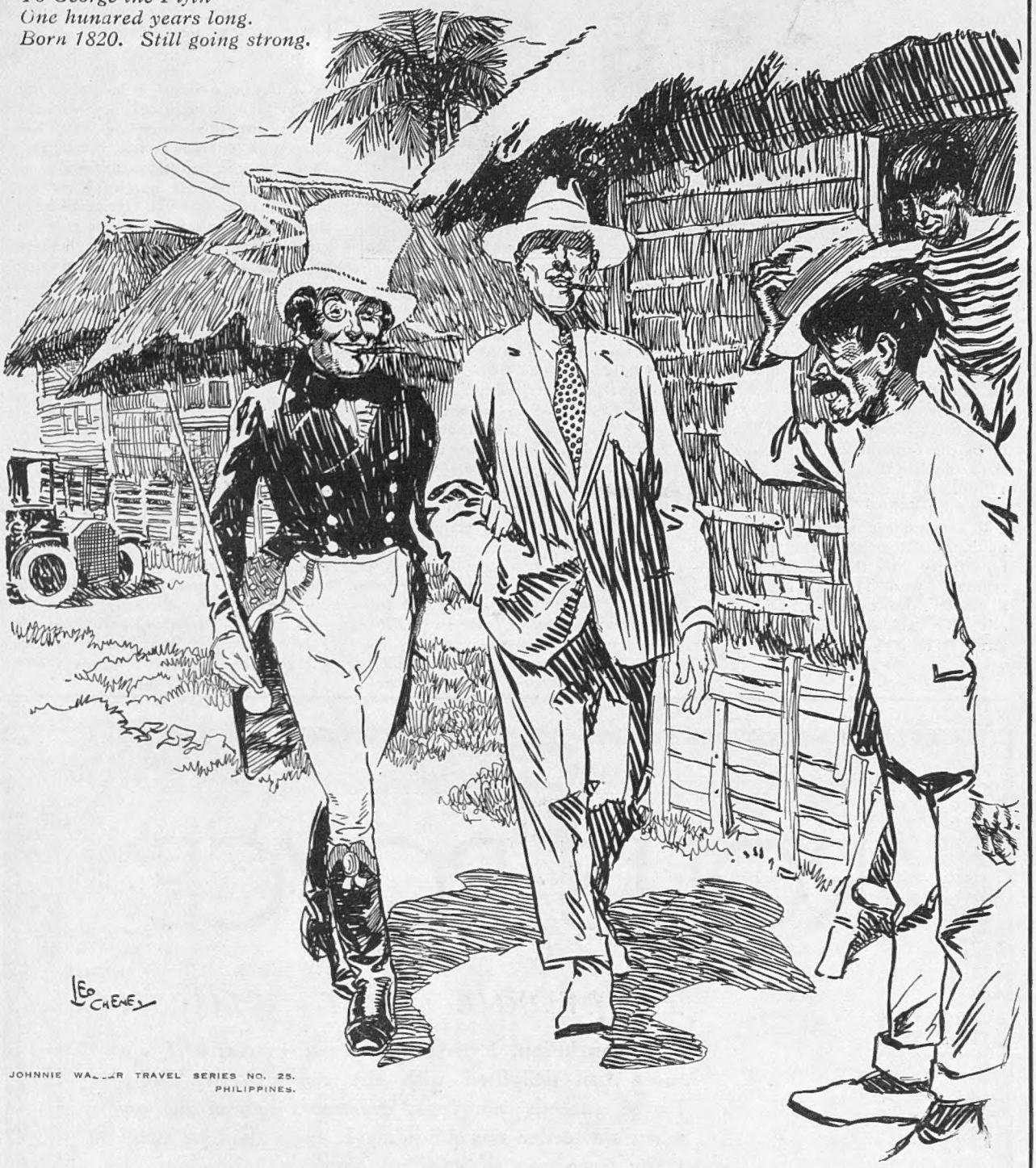
MR. COURNOS invents no set plot; he is painting life, rawly, if you like, but truthfully; slowly, it may be, but by no means too fully. Adolescence very often meets with a wall which may or may not be surmounted. Gombarov will surmount that wall in good time. Meanwhile the second period of his life may be read and enjoyed, and Mr. Cournos may rest assured that his completed story will rank very high. R. S.

Photograph *G. Wynspeare Herbert*

MISS CONSTANCE HOLME

Whose new novel "The Trumpet in the Dust" is reviewed on this page. Miss Holme is the winner of the recently instituted "Femina" prize which she received some weeks ago from the hands of the French Ambassador's wife

From George the Third
To George the Fifth
One hunared years long.
Born 1820. Still going strong.



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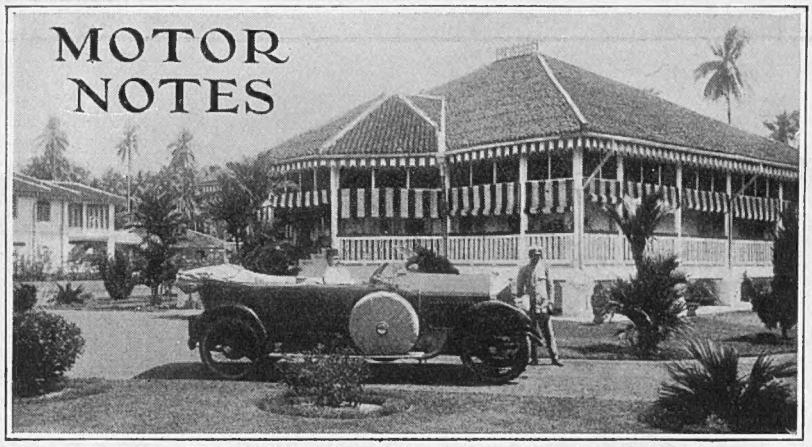
MOTOR NOTES



IN SINGAPORE

A charming picture of a country house, with the owner at the wheel of his 25-30 h.p. R.F.C. model Crossley

IT is awfully funny how all the small chassis originally designed for carrying two-seater coachwork superstructure are developing into four-seater buses. The truth seems to lie in the original axiom of motor-car sizes, that anything less than a nominal 12 h.p. is unsatisfactory from the owner's point of view of usefulness and convenience for general touring ability. That and the proverbial hospitality of the motoring community, who always like to be a *partie carré* or more, has gradually increased the small car capacity until it is trying to ape the bigger vehicle.

SCARCELY one of these small makers fails to announce to its *clientèle* that its standard patterns are a four-seater as well as a two-seater, but those that buy them usually find they carry the luggage in the back seats better than they give comfort to the two extra passengers and luggage for four people. So what it really comes to is that for a day's outing they transport two couples, while for a real tour of a week or more only one couple and their suit cases. If I am wrong I hope some of the owners of these small four-seaters will correct me, as I should hate to do injustice to any car, however small it may be. That is why I am prepared to believe that if some British maker does not manage to build a full-sized four-seated touring-car like the pre-War 15 h.p. Straker-Squire that sold for £350 complete, the Yankee cars will just flood the market.

* *
*

MOREOVER the U.S.A. papers are full of their prices going to have a big drop in order to shift the thousands of cars unsold sometime about July 1, so that, though their taxation import is much higher for licences, motorists will pay it to keep their friends with them on tour in greater ease. Otherwise, though there will always be a demand for the genuine small two-seater, the bulk of these makers will increase the engine bore and stroke a few millimetres, lengthen and strengthen the chassis a bit until they arrive somewhere at the pre-War 12 h.p. Rover style of car, which satisfied a great majority of road lovers, and made the fortune of its builders.

* *
*

I AM waiting with restrained impatience to see if the Olympia motor show and the White City Exhibition next November will produce the ideal four-seater for people of very moderate means. I do not mean one built of rubbish or one too extravagantly fitted up with sundries. But a chassis and engine fit for its carrying-four-and-their-luggage job,

(*Continued on page 782*)

ROLLS-ROYCE

A private user writes :

"In conclusion, I need hardly tell you that I am more than delighted with the car, and my Rolls-Royce exceeds the high estimate I had of the car when the order was placed. I have had a good many large cars through my hands including one or two advertised as good as Rolls-Royce, but I hope I shall never have any other car but your make."

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Pillow Cases: 300 dozen fine Hemstitched Cotton Pillow Cases. Each
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300 yds. 50 in. Rich French Damask, Louis 15th design, colours, gold, rose,
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300 yds. 50 in. Portuguese Brocade.
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30 pieces 50 in. Fine mercised Cotton Repps, silk finish, colours, blue, mauve, green, grey, rose, cream, copper, wine, orange and crimson.
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5,000 yds. 31 in. Domestic Cretonne, reproduced from "Queen Anne" Embroidery in three fine colours on Linen colour ground.
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300 yds. 50 in. rich Damask, with Gold metal weft, colours, crimson, blue, black, and purple.
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MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

with an impulse starter magneto in place of an engine starter, acetylene lamps if electric lighting is too costly an adjunct, higher backs to the seats to give comfort to the riders, and less of the sporting low, draughty, and uncomfortable lines of the present types, straight-sided Dunlop cord tyres on non-detachable wheels with removable side flange, and no spare wheel as it is not wanted under these conditions. A front wind-screen that is divided, yet sets back towards the driver within an inch of the steering-wheel, and a back-screen for the protection and comfort of the passengers in the rear seats, with side-wings, and the extension arms long enough so that these travellers can prevent back draught, stop dust flowing towards them, and let them run away from it instead of the vacuum sucking it towards them all the time.

* *
*

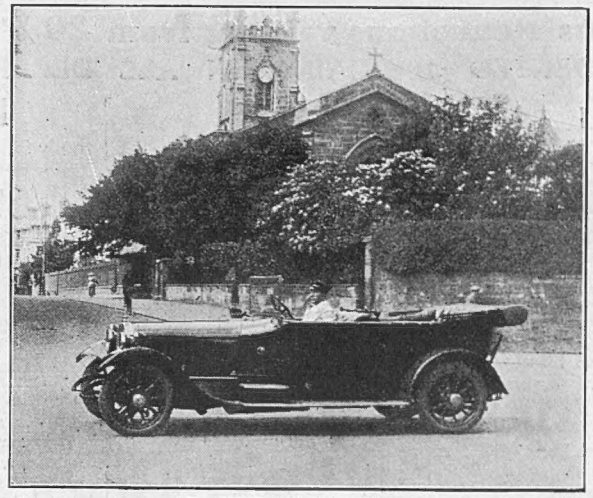
As for other details such as price and chassis bits and pieces, I think I have given enough hints in one breath to almost qualify me as a fit and proper candidate for the new Engineers' Club that my old friend, the member for Coventry, is interested in. By the way, as the Road Club ceases on June 30, I wish the best of luck to all my friends there, and success to the new E.C.

* *
*

With thirty-one identification letters for London—the latest are XK, XL, and XM—cars and goodness knows how many more the Midland and Northern counties and towns have added to their original letter distinguishing mark, the modern motorist never knows where motors hail from at all. As to the police who are trying to keep an eye on motor bandits, Sinn Fein, and other criminals, the present licence card system was to enable them to spot at a glance if there was anything "fishy" in the car's numbers, etcetera—well, it just hasn't, to put it briefly. That's the worst of borrowed systems, they usually fail because the "chap wot tikes 'em" never knows how the originator has worked up to that point and the weaknesses that have been overcome.

* *
*

As I advocated when the whole idea was mooted, when you pay the car's registration and road licence tax at £1 per h.p. you ought to get a back and front registration plate, whose colour tells at once, combined with its lettering, where the car is registered and up to what date it has been paid for, in place of the present disc, which is impossible to see at night-time when a car is well on the move. It gets a bit difficult then for faked numbers, which is the usual cloak in this country for the motor criminal. OLD HY.



AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS
A 24 h.p. Sunbeam in this ancient old town of Kent

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